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A MAD LOOK AT THE FUTURE



Written by
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A MAD LOOK AT THE FUTURE

Written by **Lou Silverstone**

Illustrated by **Jack Rickard**

Edited by **Nick Meglin**



WARNER BOOKS

A Warner Communications Company

For Mary and Matt,

In hope
that the Future
will be as Mad
as the past...

L.S.

WARNER BOOKS EDITION

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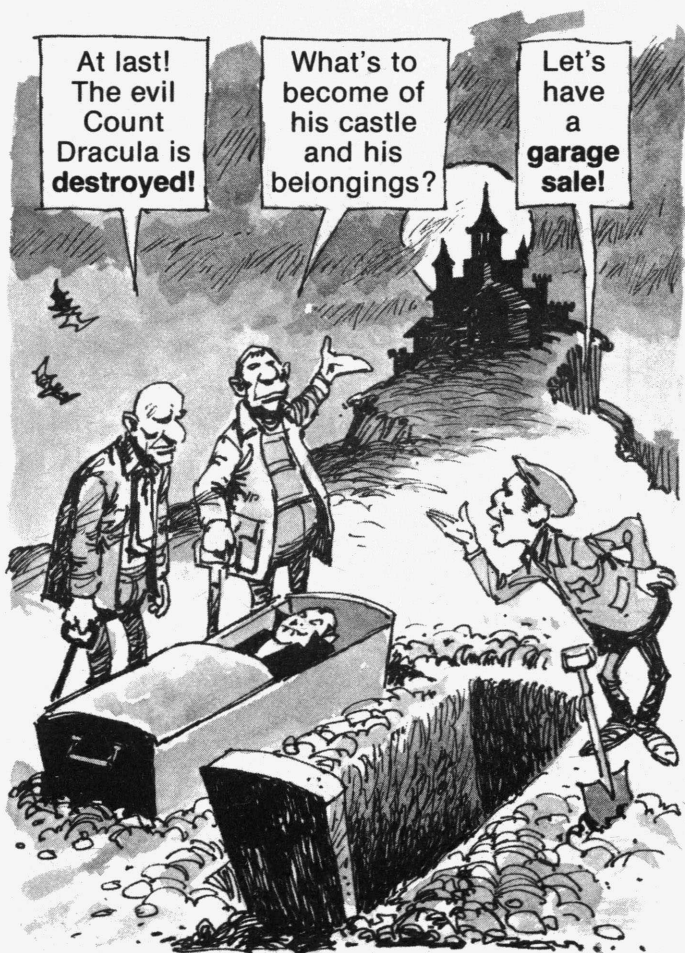
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FUTURE "COMEDY / HORROR" MOVIES

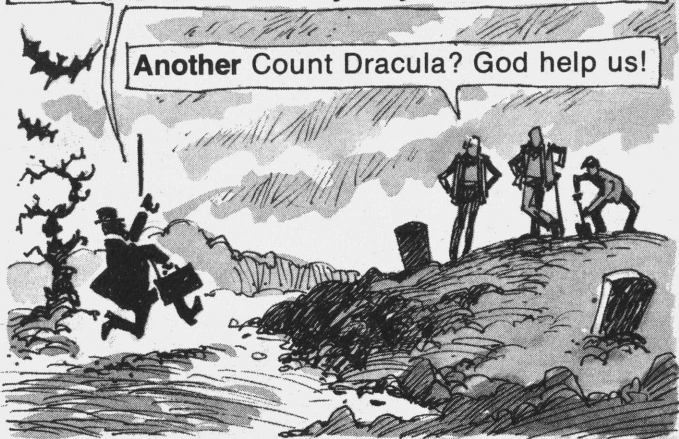
"Young Dracula"

(or "Blazing Blood")



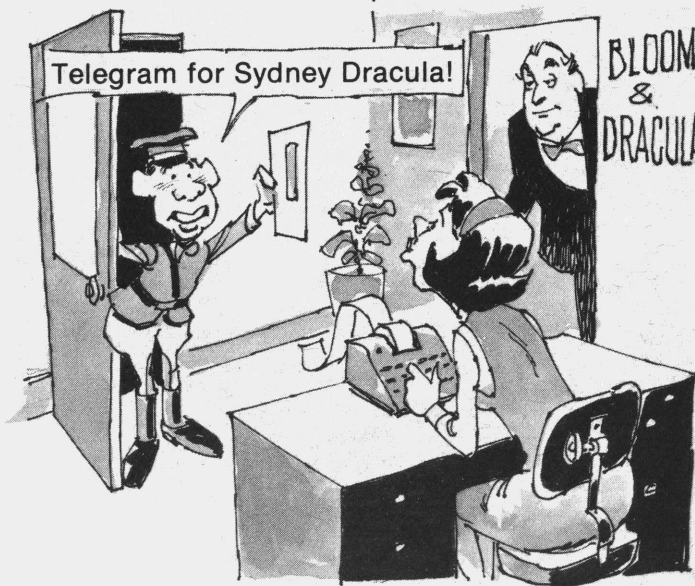
Not so **fast** gentlemen! I represent the late Count Dracula! The Count bequeathed his title and estate to a distant relative living in New York, a **Sydney Dracula!**

Another Count Dracula? God help us!



Telegram for Sydney Dracula!

**BLOOM
&
DRACULA**



Oh my God, I know it's bad news! Somebody's been killed in battle, just like in the movies! I can't open it!

What battle? Besides you don't know anybody in the **army**!

Relax, I'll read it to you! Your Uncle Count Dracula of Transylvania, died suddenly from a stake in the heart attack and he left you his entire estate and title! You must come immediately to claim it or the property goes to the Count's favorite charity, The Transylvania Blood Bank!



You must be Count Dracula! Welcome to Transylvania! I'm Orlock! I'm here to take you to the castle!

TRANSYLVANIA



Why are we stopping **here**?

This is your pad!

THIS? I gave up two and a half, rent-controlled, air-conditioned apartment with a doorman for **this**?

You'll get used to it, Count, it's really quite comfortable! There are fifty rooms, each with it's own secret passage, torture room, and dungeon!



Count, there is something I must tell you!
Have you ever heard of **vampires**?

Yes, but that's just a myth!

You mythed on that one, Count! This may come as a shock, but everybody in this castle is a vampire! Me, Hudson the butler, Mrs. Bridges, the cook—they're **all** vampires, and you who have the blazing blood of the Draculas flowing in your veins—you are the **Prince** of Vampires!



You're **joking**, aren't you?

A vampire **never** jokes! They **fool around** sometimes, but never **joke**!

But I **can't** be a vampire! I'm not afraid of crosses! I haven't got an overbite! And I don't **want** to be a vampire!

Try it, you'll **like it**! I guarantee it's more fun than being an **accountant**!



Count, I'll bet you have never seen your reflection in a mirror!

How did you know that?

And have you ever been photographed?

Yes, but the pictures never came out!
In my year book, there's a blank space where my picture belongs! It says, Sydney Dracula: Cheer Leader 4, Student Council, Senior Play, Hall Patrol, but **no picture!**



Of course! Because, my friend, you are a **vampire!** We just have to awaken the dormant Dracula blood and you'll be **one of us!!**



It's almost sunrise, time to hit the turf!

This is Lucy, my fiancée!

She could put her shoes under my coffin anytime!

Yes, Lucy is a fine looking girl!
And she has great legs . . .

I'm a **throat** man myself!



Where do I sleep?

In this **coffin**!

But it's filled with cold, damp dirt!

✓ All vampires must sleep in the earth of their native Transylvania!

But I have a hemorrhoid problem!

This will cure it! Also athlete's foot and the heartbreak of psoriasis!

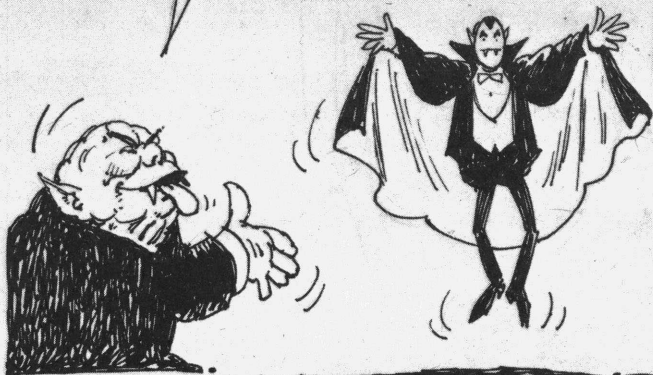


And now, Count, the time has come for you to learn the secrets of the **Undead!** First lesson, the old turning into a bat trick! Here put on this cape! It's been in the Dracula family for **centuries.**



SEVERAL MONTHS LATER

He's got it, by George, he's got it!
Count, it's time for you to **solo!**



Orlock was right! This beats the credits
and debits life of a **boring accountant!**



SEVERAL MONTHS LATER

Ah, Lucy, my dear, what can I do for you?

Dr., I'm going to visit Sydney in Transylvania and I've come for my shots!

Sorry to correct you, but Sydney's in **Australia!**



I'm really thrilled about visiting Sydney! But something is troubling me . . . he seems to have developed a strange accent . . .

How can you tell?

Read this letter!

"Dear Wucy, it Pweases me to invite you to visit me in Transylvania! Count Dracula!" Hmm . . . that is stwange! He sounds like Barbara Walters . . .



I get no kick from champagne . . . Mere alcohol
doesn't thrill me at all . . .

I hate to interrupt, Count, but I have
some **good news!** Your fiancée will arrive
on the midnight train **tomorrow!**

Tomorrow? That gives us one day to get
our act set for Lucy's welcoming party!
Take it from the top . . . one, two, three
. . . I get a kick from your vein . . . It
beats all to heck with my teeth in
your neck . . .



A FORTNIGHT LATER

I received a letter from Lucy! She says she's not feeling well and has two **strange marks** on her throat! I must get to her at **once!**

This is **ridiculous!** He doesn't even make house calls, and now he's shlepping all the way to Europe to treat a patient with a **sore throat!**



Lucy, I hardly recognize you, you look so **pale** . . .

You should see me without my **makeup**!
Oh, Dr. Kronkheit, I feel so beat,
do you think I have **tired blood**?

No, but you're **close**! I hope there's
still time to save **Sydney**!



Sydney? He's **healthy** as a horse! I'm the one that's **sick**!

You must **trust me**! I want you to wear these around your neck!

A crucifix, a Star of David and a statue of Maharishi Yogi?

Just covering **all bases**! And wear this wreath of garlic, too, in case you run into an **agnostic vampire**! It's all for your **protection**!

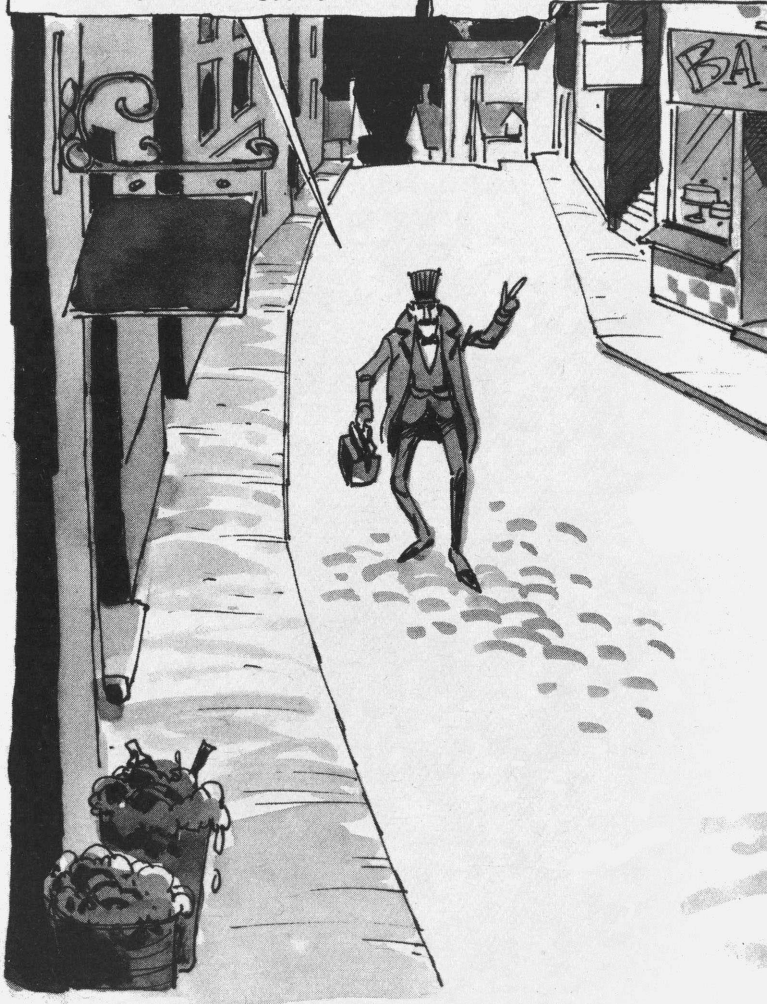


According to legend, only a
200 year old gypsy can cure
the Curse of the Vampire!

Pardon me, sir, do you know
where I can find a
200 year old gypsy?

Are you
really
200
years
old?

You're
looking
at him!



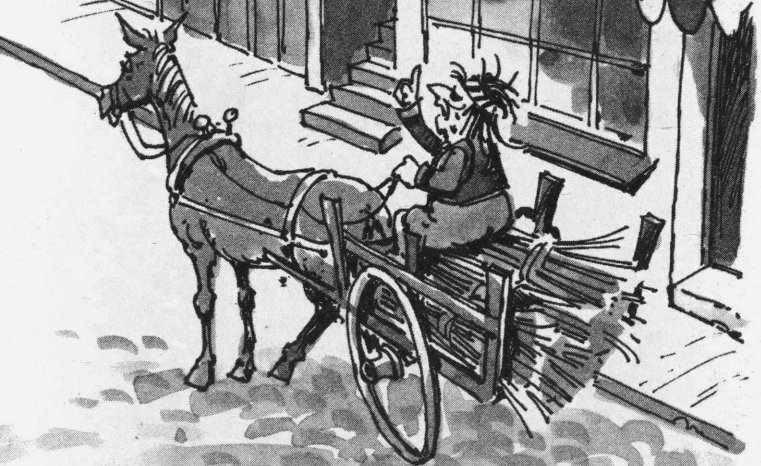
Yes!

Would
a
gypsy
lie?

Maybe the **younger ones!** At
my age I forget a lot of
things! Lying I forgot how
to do maybe 50 years ago!

KERY

FORTUNE TELLER
SPELLS • CURSE • POTIONS

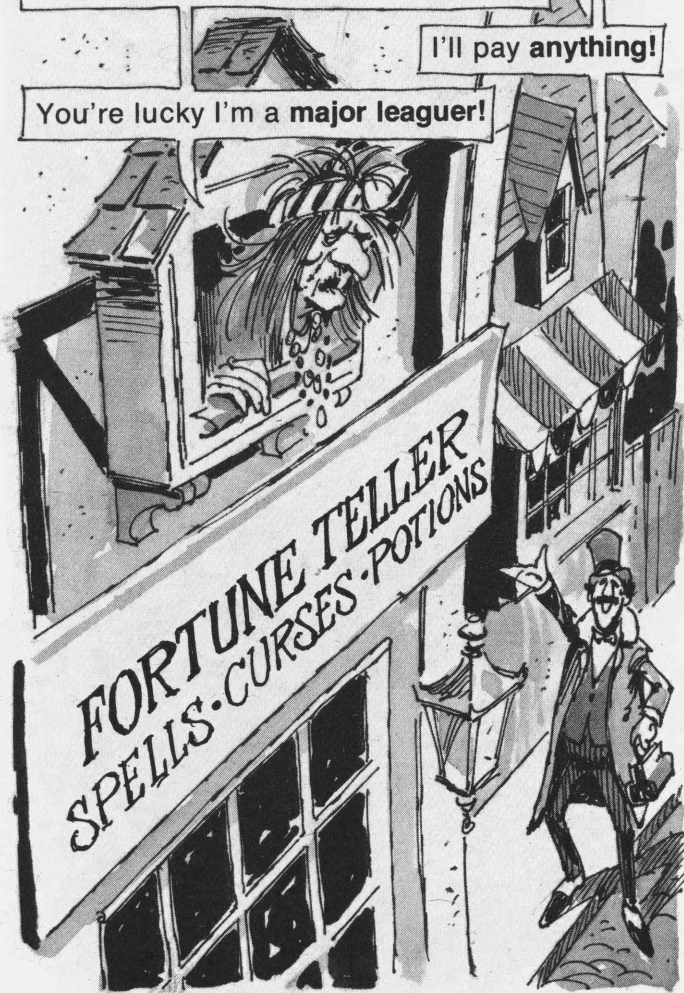


I'd like to ask you a small favor. I want a friend of mine cured of the Vampire's Curse!

You call that a **small** favor? Curing warts, **that's** a small favor! A vampire's curse is **major league** stuff!

I'll pay **anything**!

You're lucky I'm a **major leaguer**!



For a vampire curse, cross
my palm with \$129.00

That's an **odd** figure!

So we'll even it out to \$131!
I'm easy to get along with!



Hmmm, let's see now . . . "must be shot with
a silver bullet . . ."

No, that's **werewolves!** Ah, here it is!
"Kill the umpire!"

No, that's baseball foolishness!



Ahhh, finalmente! **"To fix a vampire, somebody he loves must dance by the light of the silvery moon and croon—Bela Lugosi, Maria Ouspenskaya, Sonny Bono—three times and then eat the magic potion!"**

What magic potion?



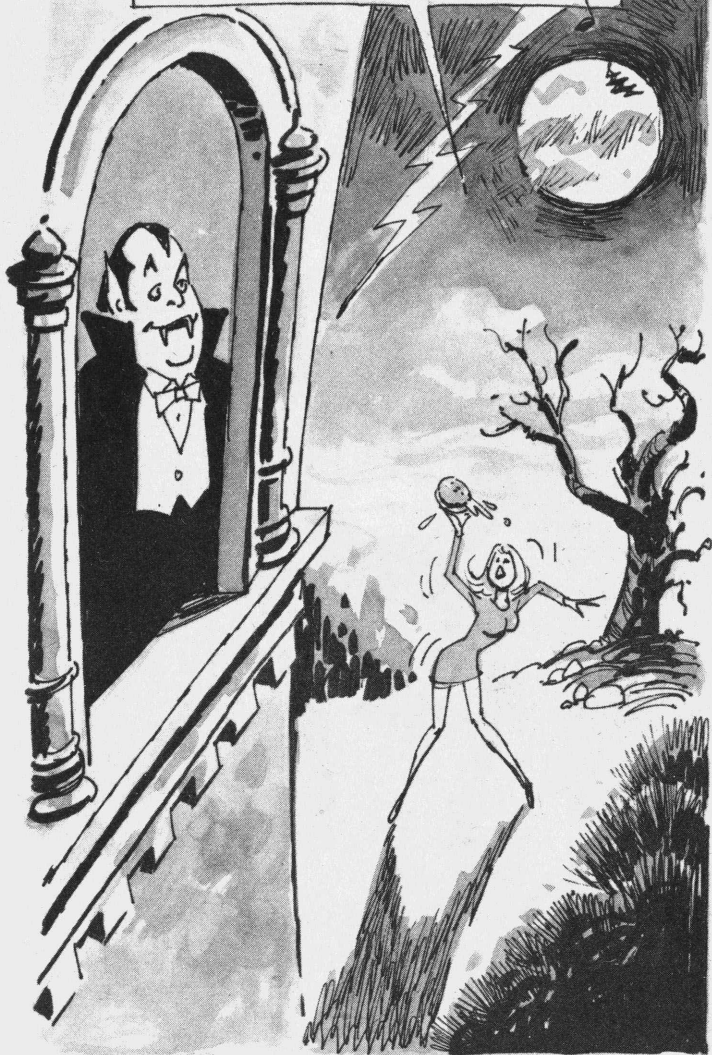
**"Two all beef patties,
special sauce,
pickles, cheese,
lettuce on a sesame
seed bun!"**

**But that'll
kill him! I
just want
him cured!**

**Then hold
the special
sauce!
Have it
your way!**



Bela Lugosi, Maria Ouspenskaya,
Sonny Bono . . .



What **happened?** I feel so **strange!** Look in the mirror—it's **me!!** I can see my **reflection!** I'm not a vampire, I'm just an ordinary guy with uneven sideburns. Orlock . . . **Orlock!** My God, he's nothing but a pile of **dust.** Talk about **gypsy curses!**



SEVERAL MONTHS LATER.

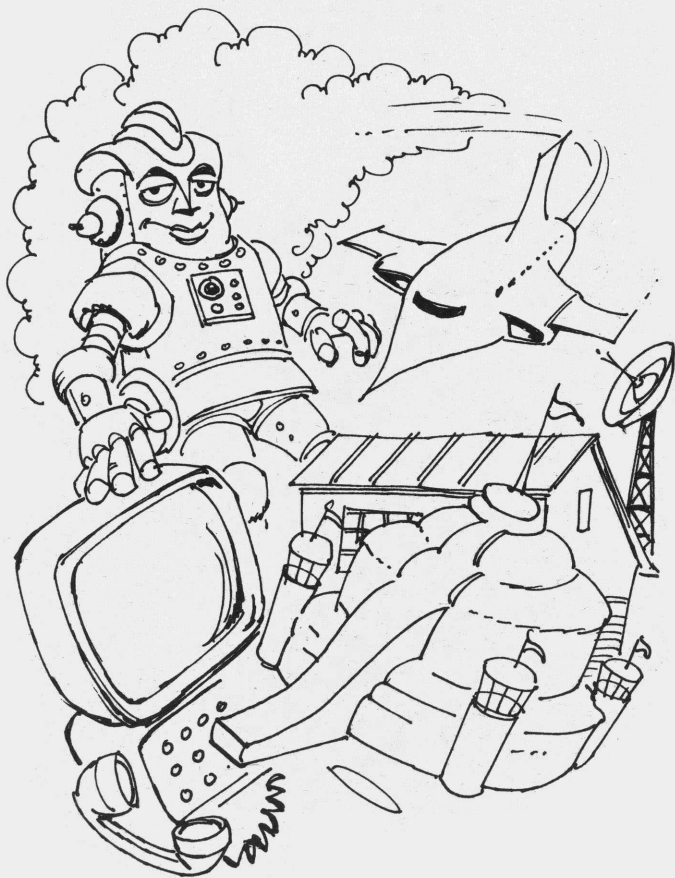
Lucy, I came as soon as I received your message! What's **wrong**?

Do you know what it's like to be married to a **boring accountant**? For God's sake, find that 200 year old gypsy to turn Sydney back into a **vampire!!** At least we had some **nights out** ... some **laughs** ...



FUTURE IMPROVEMENTS

That Will Effect Our Everyday Lives



FUTURE OFFICE EQUIPMENT—Com- puterized dictating and typing machines will make secretaries obsolete!

Sure, these machines save money and are more
efficient than secretaries, but did you ever
try taking one to a motel?



FUTURE STADIUM—Will be entirely enclosed, air-conditioned, every seat will have an excellent view and a TV screen to see instant replays! Everything will be perfect—except the players!



FUTURE TELEPHONES—You'll be able to see the person you're talking to!



FUTURE SCHOOLS—Will replace teachers with computers and television techniques!

Who
you
got
for
English?

I
got
MARK
X1900!

Man, I feel
sorry for **you**!
That machine
really piles on
the homework!

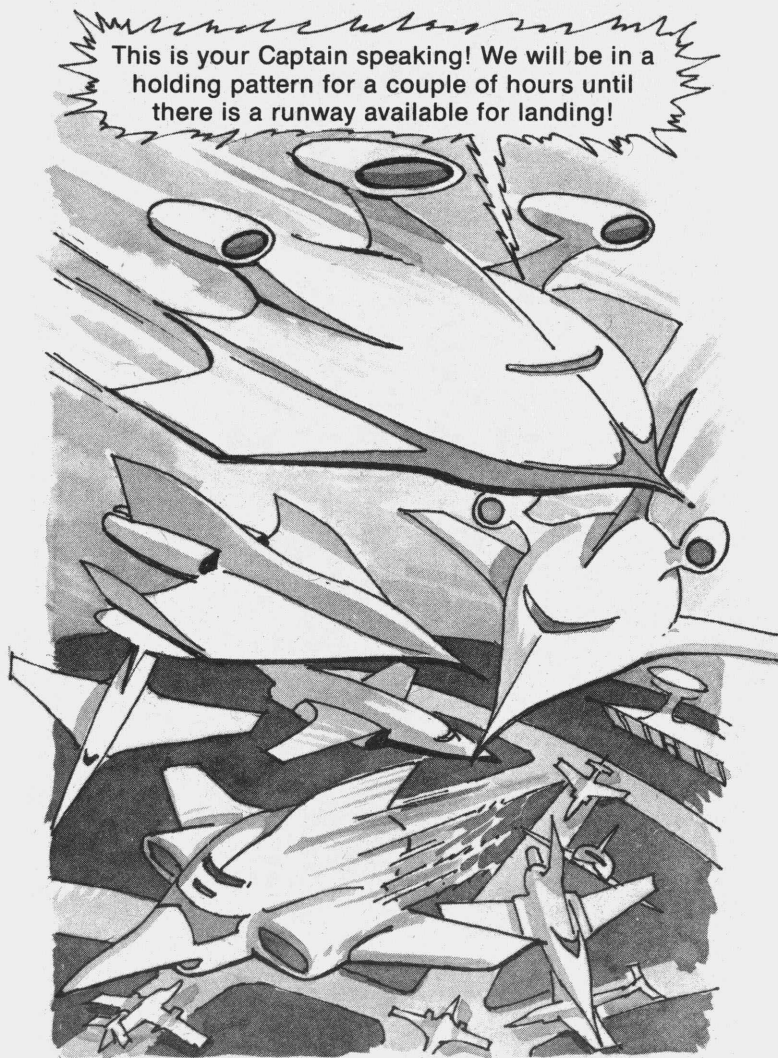


FUTURE HEATING—Will be done by solar energy from the sun! It will be cheaper, cleaner and more efficient!



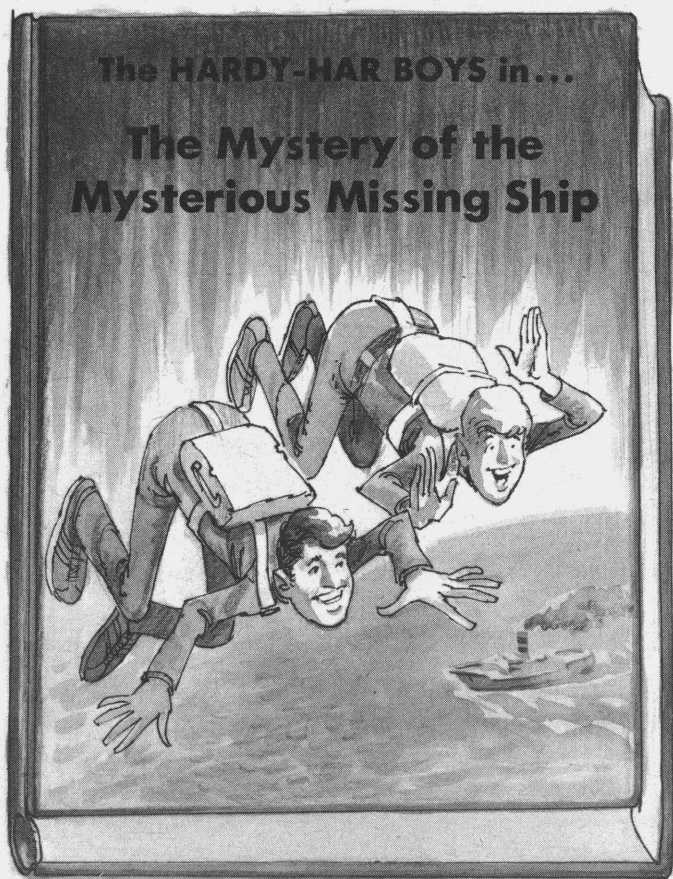
FUTURE AIRPLANES—Will cross the ocean in less than an hour!

This is your Captain speaking! We will be in a holding pattern for a couple of hours until there is a runway available for landing!



FUTURE BOOKS

What's so "future" about the Hardy-Har Boys? They've been around forever, and they're still going strong! Which means that they'll still be around whenever, getting involved in adventures like . . .



CHAPTER I

THE SCREAM

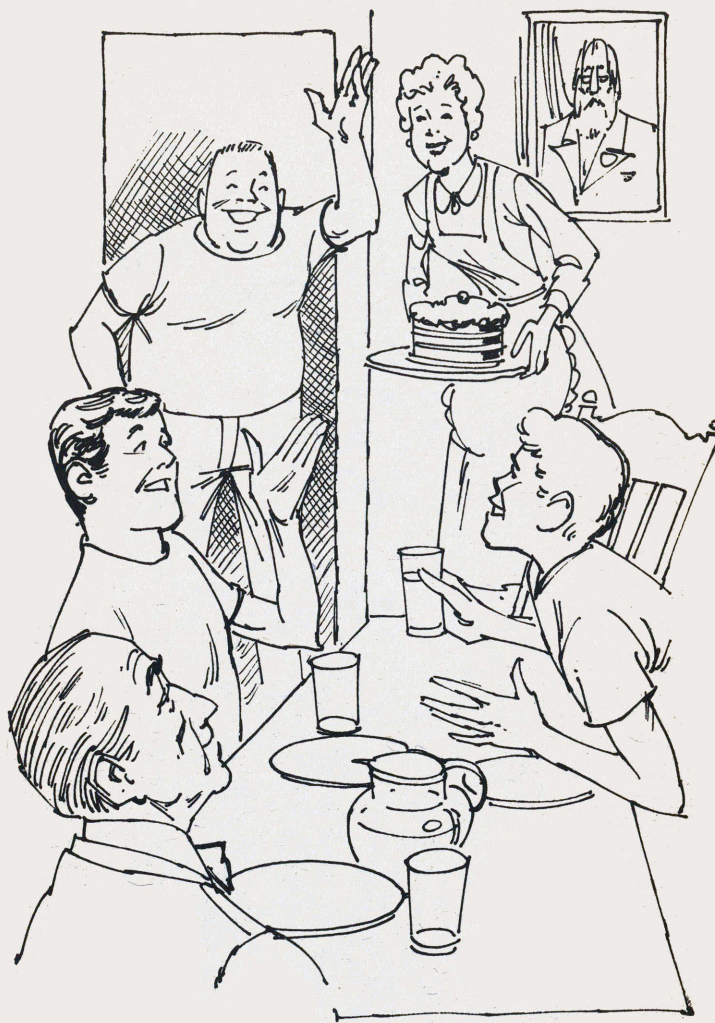
Fenwick Hardy Har, the internationally famous investigator, gazed proudly at his two sons, the dark-haired, serious Woe and the fair-haired, exuberant Fink. Hardy Har had reason to be proud of his husky teenage boys because if it weren't for their uncanny ability as detectives, Fenwick would be still pounding a beat in the Bronx. Sometimes, however, he worried about the muscular Fink and the well-built Woe. There was no sibling rivalry between them, they never had fights or argued or swore or read girlie books or looked dirty words up in the dictionary or played doctor like other boys and girls their age. "Well," thought Fenwick, "as long as they keep solving all my cases, who cares!"

Plump, good-natured Shet Moron, the boys' best friend, entered the Hardy Har living room. "Hi," he greeted good-naturedly.

"Hello, plump, good-natured Shet," chided Mrs. Hardy Har, the boys' slim, attractive Mother, "would you like to stay for supper? We're having tapioca pudding, strawberry shortcake and apple pandowdy!"

"What's for dessert?" salivated the stout Shet.

Before Mrs. Hardy Har could reply, they heard the sound of breaking glass followed by a loud frightened scream!!



‘What’s For Dessert?’

CHAPTER 2

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER IN THE BATHTUB

“Eureka”, exclaimed Woe, “it’s Aunt Intrude!”

The youthful detectives bounded up the stairs. They were met at the top of the stairs by their frightened Aunt Intrude, Fenwick Hardy Har’s tall, angular, unmarried sister. “There’s a m—m—m—man in my bathtub,” she gasped in a terrified voice, then slumped unconscious to the floor.

Fink and Woe raced into the bathroom and tore aside the shower curtain. Aunt Intrude hadn’t imagined it! There *was* a mysterious man in her bathtub!



There Was A Mysterious Man In The Tub.

CHAPTER 3

ANOTHER SCREAM

“Who are you?” cried Woe angrily.

“What are you doing in our Aunt Intrude’s bathtub?” blurted out Fink.

“At the moment I’m getting wet,” chuckled the tall, trench-coat clad stranger. Then his voice became serious, “I’m Agent Grim of the CIA,” he said grimly. “I’m afraid I fell through your skylight, I came here to see the Hardy Har boys on a matter of grave national importance.”

“We’re the Hardy Har boys,” said Woe.

“You won’t find us in the bathtub except on Saturday night,” grinned Fink exuberantly.

Suddenly another shrill scream resounded through the house.

“Glorvosky,” cried Woe, “it’s Mother!”



'I'm Agent Grim Of The C.I.A.'

CHAPTER 4

KIDNAPPED

Fink and Woe, followed by the dripping Agent Grim darted from the bathroom, leaped over the unconscious body of their unmarried, tall aunt and bounded down the stairs. Aunt Intrude opened her eyes, saw Agent Grim chasing after the boys and fainted again. The boys raced past the panting, chubby, Shet, who was arriving at the top of the stairs.

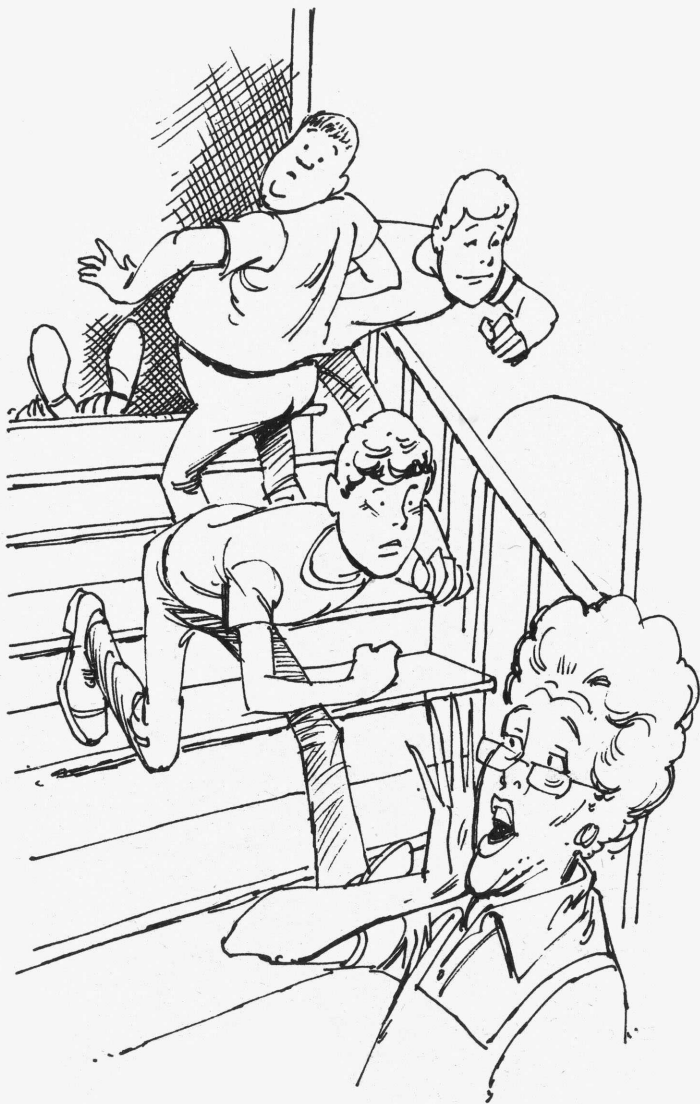
"Gosh," he gasped, "I just got here and everybody's going the other way!" The Hardy Har boys found their frightened, slender Mother in the living room.

"Mother, what's wrong?" blurted out Fink.

"It's your father . . ." she sobbed.

"Gee, Mom, you know how Dad is," sighed Woe, "Sometimes he gets a little romantic, but that's no reason to scream."

"No, you don't understand! Your father's been kidnapped," came her anguished cry.



'I Just Got Here, And Everybody's Going The Other Way.'

CHAPTER 5

THE WARNING

“Kidnapped!” echoed Fink and Woe.

“I found this,” exclaimed Mrs. Hardy Har, handing Woe a torn scrap of paper. It read . . .

WARNING TO THE HARDY
HAR BOYS—

ROSES ARE RED

VIOLETS ARE BLUE

WE’VE GOT YOUR OLD MAN
AND

WE’RE GOING TO GET YOU
TWO TOO!

“What does it mean?” inquired Fink in a puzzled voice.

“I think I can explain,” offered Agent Grim. “An American ship disappeared and we have reason to believe it was seized by an unfriendly country. Acting on our intelligence reports, a battalion of marines were dispatched to the island where we believed the ship was being held.”

“I guess that will show *that* unfriendly country not to mess with the good old U.S. of A,” interrupted Fink.

Agent Grim flushed and continued, “Unfortunately, our intelligence proved to be false. The marines invaded the wrong island and were captured. Your assignment, should you choose to accept, will be to land on the island and rescue the Marines!”



‘The Marines Invaded The Wrong Island.’

CHAPTER 6

THE STRANGE COINCIDENCE

“But what does this have to do with my husband’s mysterious kidnapping?” inquired Mrs. Hardy Har anxiously.

“By a strange coincidence Mr. Hardy Har was kidnapped by the same people who are holding the Marines prisoners.” explained Agent Grim earnestly.

“You’re probably right,” agreed Fink. “All of our adventures are filled with strange coincidences like that!” Suddenly there was a deafening roar as if a boulder was crashing down the stairs!



A Heavy Weight Came Crashing Down The Stairs.

CHAPTER 7

PERMISSION GRANTED

The loud, crashing sound turned out to be the chubby Shet, who had fallen down the stairs. "Hi," he grinned sheepishly, "I tripped over your Aunt Intrude. Nothing like a trip to stimulate the old appetite!"

Woe and Fink quickly filled Shet in on the missing ship, the captured marines and their kidnapped father, as Shet filled in on cookies and milk.

"Just another normal day at the Hardy Har house," smiled Shet eatingly.

"Well, boys, what do you say?" inquired Agent Grim. "It could be dangerous. You could be captured, held prisoner and tortured!"

"It sounds like keen fun", replied Woe. "Can we help the CIA, Mother?" Before the slender Mrs. Hardy Har could reply, Aunt Intrude appeared and said in a shaky voice, "Don't let them go, they might get hurt. Why don't you send them to summer camp instead? They could make me a wallet or pot holder!"

Calm, sensible, tall, slim, attractive Mrs. Hardy Har had faith in her strong, muscular sons' ability to cope with danger. "You can go if you promise to be careful and to brush your teeth every night," she said sensibly.

"Can I go too?" pleaded Shet.

Agent Grim grinned grimly. "Okay, Shet, you're on the rescue team. Now, let's get moving. There's a car outside to take you to the airport."



'You Could Be Captured, Held Prisoner And Tortured.'

CHAPTER 8

GERONIMO!

The next morning aboard a government plane, Shet, Fink and Woe winged their way across the ocean. Woe opened an envelope marked SECRET ORDERS. He and Fink studiously studied the instructions and maps. "These guys are really thorough," admired Woe. "While we sneak onto *one* side of the island, the Navy is going to bomb the *other* side as a diversionary tactic."

Suddenly they heard a muffled cry, "HELP".

"It's Shet," cried Fink, attempting to leap to his feet. He had forgotten about his seat belt. The young investigators unsnapped their seat belts and raced to the end of the plane from where the cries were originated.

"It's coming from here," said Woe, pointing to a small door marked LAVATORY. Fink and Woe thrust themselves against the door. It did not yield! They pushed harder and finally the door burst open!

"Gee," grinned Shet, "don't you guys ever knock before entering the john?"

"You had us worried," snapped Woe.

"How do you think I felt, being stuck in here. I might have missed lunch," chuckled Shet.

"Now hear this!" came a voice over the loud speaker. "Adjust your parachutes and prepare to jump!"



‘Don’t You Guys Ever Knock?’

CHAPTER 9

ABANDON RAFT

The three parachutes floated lazily toward the choppy blue ocean. The young sleuths and their overweight best friend landed in the sparkling, azure water. They quickly inflated their raft and started rowing in the direction of the island. "There's one thing that has me puzzled," blurted Shet in a puzzled voice. "We're going to rescue the Marines, but what about the missing ship and its' crew?"

"According to Agent Grim, the ship was released before the Marines landed," explained Woe.

"Then why send in the leathernecks?" inquired Shet.

"In order to teach the world that you can't fool with the USA." snapped Fink.

Suddenly there was a strange hissing sound.

"What's that?" wondered Fink.

"I hope it's not a sea serpent," gulped Shet.

"It's worse than that!" declared Woe soberly. "We've sprung a leak!"



‘We’ve Sprung A Leak!’

CHAPTER 10

INTO THE SEA

Woe squinted and peered into the distance. "Look," he exclaimed excitedly, "it's the island. We'll have to swim for it."

The teenage investigators and their chubby chum took off their shoes, rolled up their trousers and slid overside into the choppy water. They were all strong swimmers and soon neared the island. Suddenly from the other side of the island came the sound of exploding shells. The sky was filled with the rocket's red glare and bombs bursting in air, which gave proof in the night that the Navy was there.

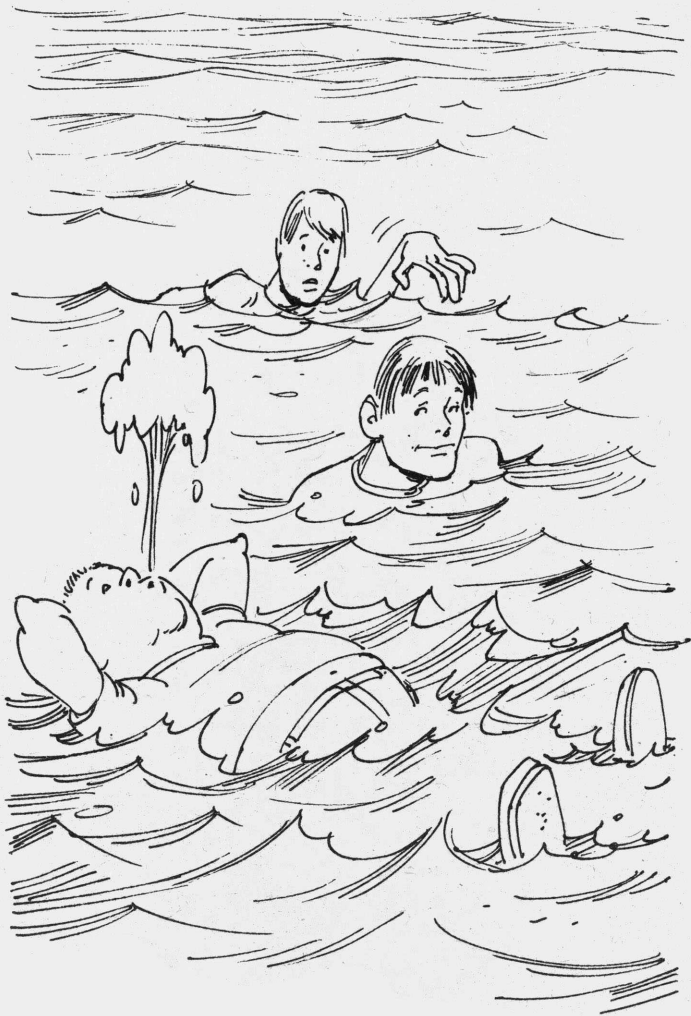
"It's the Navy, right on schedule," grinned Fink.

They scrambled up the sandy beach and plunged into the dense underbrush. "According to our maps, the prison compound should be straight ahead," reported Woe.

"Here's a barbed wire fence," announced Woe.

"Luckily we brought our wire cutters," exclaimed Fink as he cut through the fence.

Suddenly Shet cried out, "Fink, Woe, look!!"



They Were All Strong Swimmers.

CHAPTER 11
TO THE RESCUE

"It's the Marines", gasped Shet, "The United States Marines." Unable to contain himself, Shet broke into a chorus of the Marine Hymn. The teenaged detectives and their overweight singing classmate found themselves surrounded by a group of puzzled Marines.

"We're the Hardy Har boys," explained Woe. "We're here to rescue you."

"We've heard of you fellows," replied a tall Marine Sgt. "We *figured* something was up when we heard the shelling."

"That's the Navy using a diversionary tactic," offered Woe.

"Incidentally," smiled the Marine Sgt., "My name is Kelly, this is Cohen and Vermicelli".

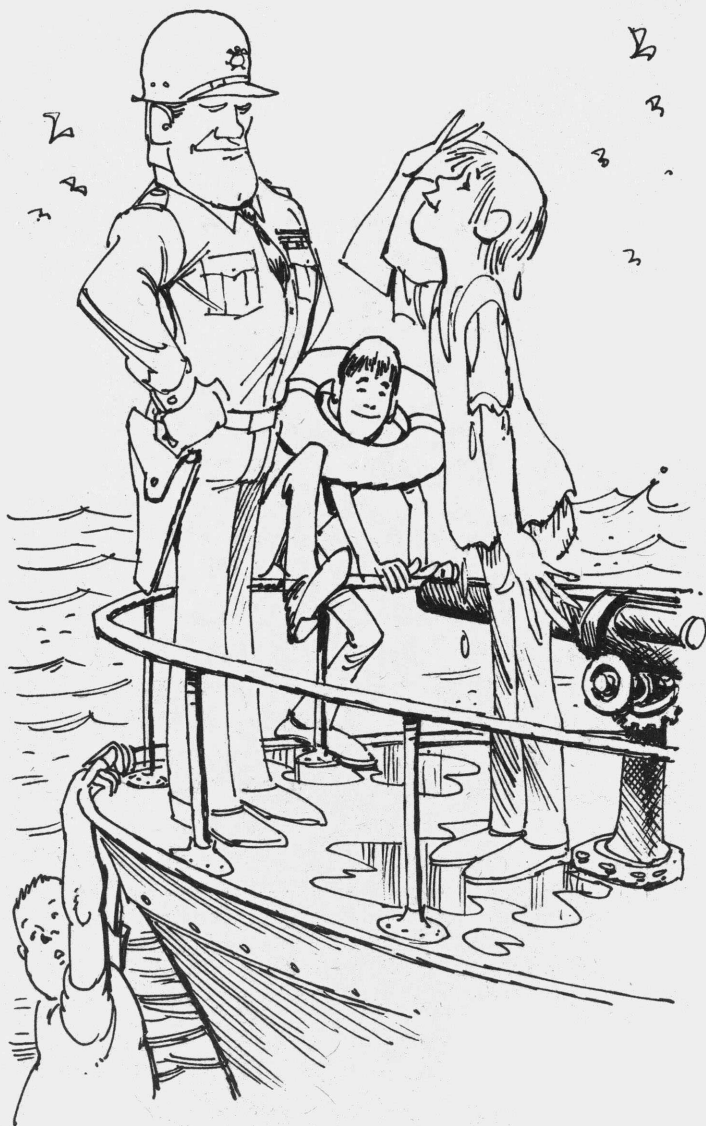
"Gosh," laughed Fink, "we *never* had names like that in any of our books before. And one of you is even *black*. Not that we *noticed*, mind you!"

The black marine grinned, his white teeth flashing, "I'm Thompson," he said as he burst into song, "The Cohens and the Kellys, . . . the Thompsons and Vermicellis They're all part of this tenement symphony . . ."

"It's really true," blurted Shet, "you guys do have rhythm."

"We have a rendezvous with a sub at 0700," declared Woe, studying his watch. "We'd best get a move on."

"But where's Dad?" exclaimed Fink.



‘We’re Here To Rescue You.’

CHAPTER 12

CASE CLOSED

On board the sub, Fink and Woe were amazed to be greeted by their famous investigator father, Fenwick Hardy Har. "Dad," exclaimed Woe in a bewildered voice, "how did you get here? We thought you were kidnapped."

"That's right," grinned Mr. Hardy Har, "I was kidnapped by the MAFIA."

A swarthy faced man in a pin striped suit grunted in a horse whisper, "We snatched him as our patriotic duty."

Noticing the young detectives puzzled expression, Agent Grim laughed and explained, "We had your Dad kidnapped in order to insure your helping us with the rescue mission."

"Wow!" declared Woe admiringly. "You CIA guys think of everything!"

"We try to," declared Agent Grim. "I think it's safe to say, thanks to the efforts of the CIA, the country finds itself in the shape it's in today."

"Where's Shet?" inquired Mr. Hardy Har.

"I'll bet I know," grinned Fink. "He's wherever the *food* is!"

"That's right," came Shet's voice. "I'm stuck in the galley and please don't rescue me!"

His remark drew forth peals of laughter.

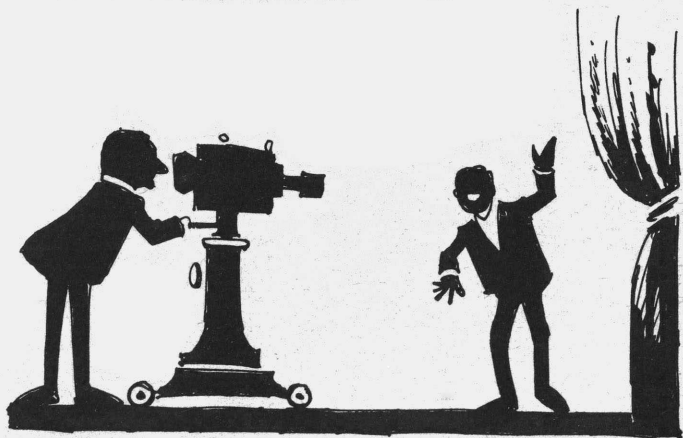
THE END



'I'm Stuck In The Galley.'

FUTURE TALK SHOWS

Have you seen talk shows lately? They're running out of *big name* celebrities who want to risk their fame and fortune by bombing out before a national audience! And they're using up *small name* celebrities at a rate that will diminish the supply in the not-so-distant future! So what will they do? Well, there's always *no name* celebrities . . .



Hi, folks! Welcome to the
MERV GRINNING SHOW!



We have a delightful show for you tonight. I'd like you to meet our first **guest!** He's currently working as the checkout clerk of the **All-Night Supermarket!** One of the great names in grocery, Mr. Price and Pride himself, **Wally Lumpkin . . .**



I want to thank you for coming over, Wally! I realize you just finished work, I see you didn't have time to **change** . . .

Actually, Merv, I **haven't** finished working! I'm on my **coffee break**! And another thing, Merv, I'm not a **check out clerk**, I'm a **bagger**!

You'd be right at home with the guys in Mort's band! They're **always** bagged!

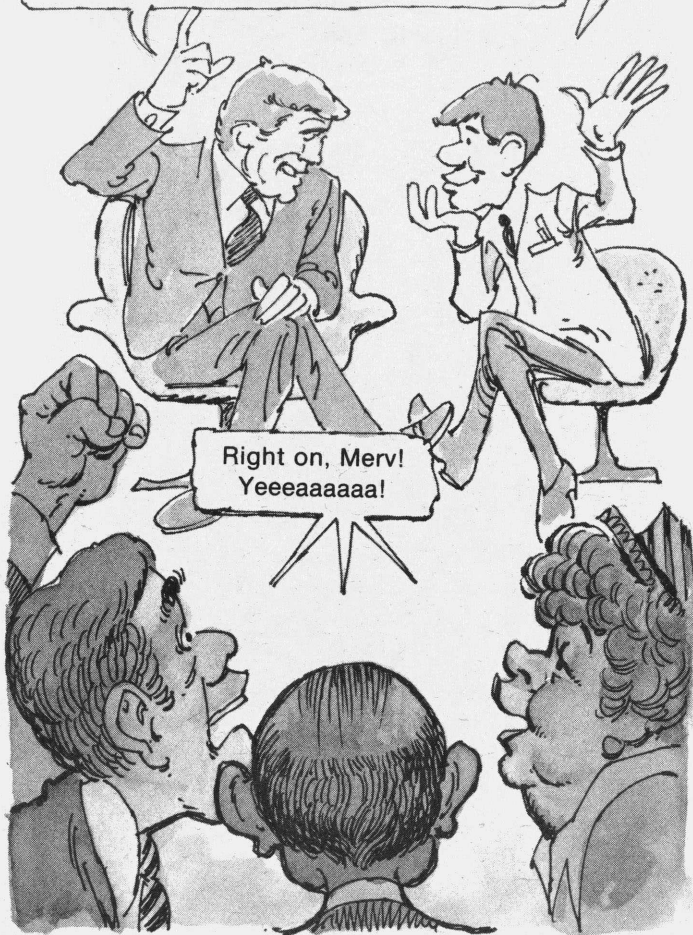


Wally, what does a bagger do?

I put the groceries in the bag, Merv!

Gosh, that sounds exciting! We have some **groceries** and a bag! I'm sure our audience would enjoy watching you **do your thing**, right, folks?

Right on, Merv!
Yeeeeaaaaaaa!



I'd be glad to, Merv! Everybody has his own way of doing things! I like to put the soft heavies on the bottom . . .

The soft heavies?

Yeah, you know, like sugar and flour! Next the can goods and finally, the fragile stuff . . .



That was **terrific**! It's really **amazing** the way you got all these groceries into that bag! Do you do anything else exciting, like putting cans on the shelf?

Yeah, and sometimes I have to carry the customers' groceries out to their car!

I'll bet some **wild things** happen in those cars . . .

Yeah, like last week this good-looking blonde married woman . . . I mean, you're not gonna **believe** this . . .

APPLAUSE



You sly dog, you, what happened?

She tipped me a **dollar** and she only had **one small bag**! Man, you can never tell about people!

You sure can't!



I'd like you to meet an old friend and really **great** accountant! I know you'll enjoy **Marvin Boring!** Marvin, I want to thank you for the great job you did to my taxes this year! My case comes up next week . . . hahaha, I'm only **kidding!** You did a **fabulous** piece of work . . .

Thanks, Merv, I enjoyed working on your 1040! It was a real **challenge!**

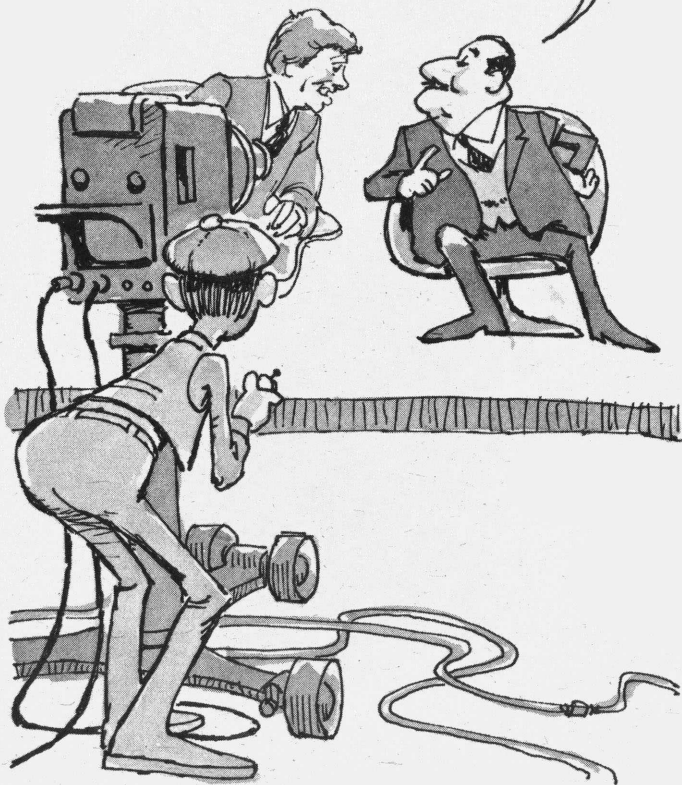


How did you get into such a **fascinating** profession?

Mom was a **bookkeeper** and Dad was a **CPA**!

You might say you were **born** with ledger ink in your veins . . . hahaha! Did your dad want you to follow in his footsteps?

He never pushed me, Merv, it's what I always **wanted** to do! While other kids were playing **baseball** or **doctor**, I was playing **accountant**!



Is there anything new and exciting in the world of figures and columns?

You better believe it! The government is coming out with a new **tax form** for next year that's a real **winner!**

You mean we'll be able to understand it?

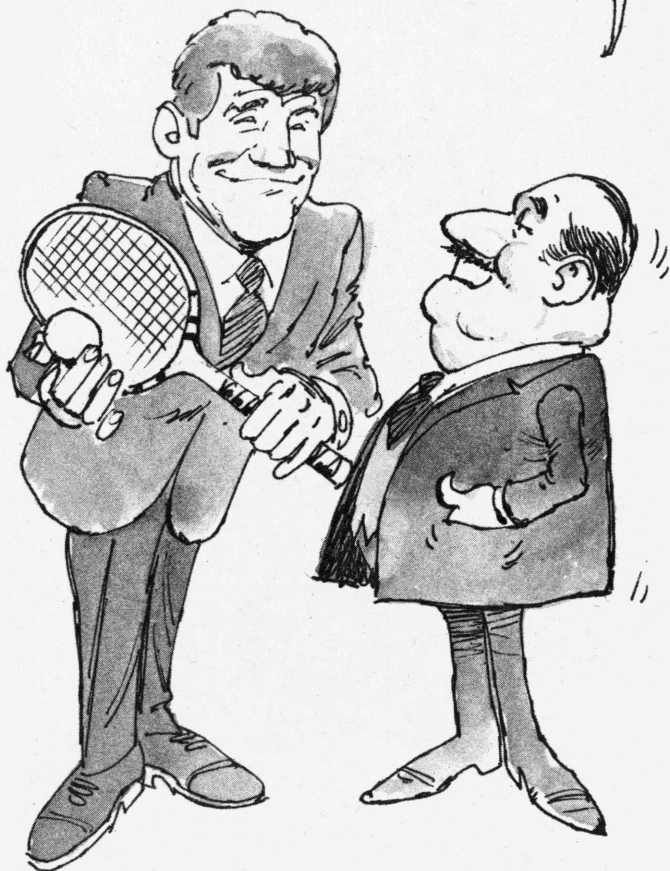
No, that's the **beauty** of it. **Nobody** but a tax expert can make heads or tails out of it!



I hear that you play a lot of **tennis**! I find it a great way to unwind after a hard day's work, don't you?

Actually, I **hate** tennis, but I love **keeping score** . . .

We'll be right back after this commercial . . .



My next guest doesn't need any introduction so I won't introduce him . . . haha! Seriously, one of the great names in **insurance**, winner of 4 Golden Policies for selling a **million** dollars worth of insurance, the talented, Norman Edelstein . . .

Thanks, Merv, it's a pleasure to be on the show.



Norm, you want to tell us something about the fascinating world of insurance?

Merv, I'd rather not talk **shop**! How's that son of yours, Merv?

Just fine! You know we just bought a farm to raise horses . . .

That's terrific, I'll bet your son loves it! Merv, did you ever think of what would become of that farm if, **God forbid**, something would happen to you?



What could happen? I'm as healthy as a horse, give me a lump of sugar and I'll show you, haha . . .

Haha, Merv, you're **too much!** We never miss your program, God forbid! Seriously, though, Merv, your fans would sure **miss you** if you had an **accident**, or a sudden **illness!** Merv, we have a new **disability policy** that will provide payments to you, or if the worst happens, to your **loved ones!** God forbid!!



Let's say you crash that plane of yours and lose both legs and arms or even one leg and one arm, God forbid!

Where do I sign?

Sign right here and here! You won't be sorry, Merv! I mean, God forbid if you lose one eye or both eyes, there's a special clause . . .

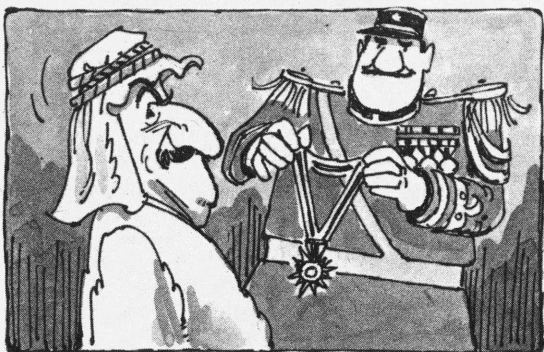


FUTURE NEWSPAPER ARTICLES

MADTROPLIS—It has been reported by a reliable source that the following chapter in this book concerns itself with what the title of this chapter says it does. And since redundancy is an art in the hands of those looking to fill space and not say anything, we now present a chapter containing examples of future newspaper articles . . .



FRANCE AWARDS CROIX DE GUERRE TO TERRORIST



French Prime Minister honors terrorist.

PARIS—Abdula ben Abdula, a member of the Black November Liberation Army, was given France's highest honor, the Croix de Guerre, in a ceremony in Paris today. Abdula, who blew up a plane load of civilians at Orly Airport, outside Paris, is the first Arab to receive the prestigious medal.

The French Prime Minister denied there was anything politically involved in the presentation and claimed it was a coincidence that a new oil deal was signed with OPEC. He angrily told reporters, "The honor of France cannot be bought!"

THE YANKEES SIGN ALL STAR TEAM



Yankee owner and his newest employees

NEW YORK—The baseball world was shocked today when the Yankees announced that they had signed nine members of the National League All Star team to long term contracts. The Yankees denied that they are trying to "buy a World Series."

The Yankee owner was quoted as saying, "I got these guys for only a billion dollars and I just can't resist a bargain!"

The Yankees also announced an increase in ticket prices. Box seats will cost fifty dollars; reserved seats, thirty-five dollars; general admission, twenty-five dollars and the bleacher seats, all ten of them, remain at \$1.75.

STREISAND TO STAR IN NEW KONG FLICK



Barbra meets her latest co-star

HOLLYWOOD—Warner Studios announced that they are going to make the most expensive movie in history; a musical version of King Kong starring Barbra Streisand. Filming is due to start next month if it's convenient with the singing star. In addition to the starring role, Ms Streisand will produce, direct and design Kong's wardrobe. Her name will appear above the title and in larger letters than King Kong, because as the actress said, "I'm a bigger star!"

LAKERS SIGN 14 YEAR OLD TO MULTI-MILLION CONTRACT



The new Los Angeles Lakers star works out under the watchful eye of the Coach.

LOS ANGELES—The Lakers have solved their long quest for a "big man" with the signing of Matthew 'Bigfoot' Dink, the eight foot star of the Orange Julius Erving Grammar School.

The 200 college recruiters who have been camping in 'Bigfoot's' backyard for 2 years claim the Lakers are exploiting the youngster and depriving him of a chance for a good education.

Dink was at the bank and unavailable for comment.

AUTO MAKERS GIVEN TEN YEARS TO DEVELOP ANTI-POLLUTION CAR

**CONGRESS WARNS
AUTO MAKERS**



WASH., D.C.—A pollution free car moved a step closer to reality today when the House Committee on Environmental Control warned the car manufacturers to stop pussyfooting around and come up with a workable anti-pollution device within ten years.

The auto lobby protested that this wasn't nearly enough time, but said they would *try* to meet the latest deadline.

The Committee agreed with the auto lobby that the cost for research and development of the anti-pollution device should be passed on to the car-buying public. "They want cars, they want clean air—they want everything! Why *shouldn't* they pay for it!" a spokesman said.



BANKRUPTCY FOR FUN CITY?

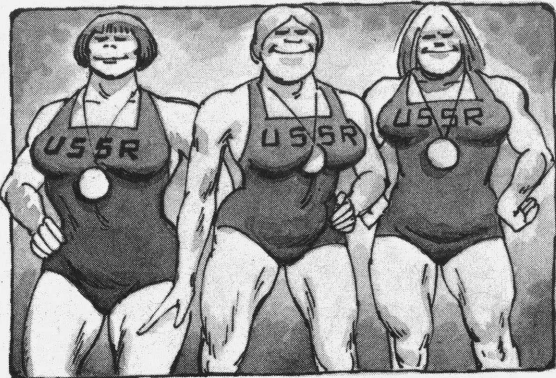
MAYOR DENIES CITY IS GOING BROKE



Mayor talking to reporters

NEW YORK—In an impromptu press conference outside City Hall, the Mayor denied the rumor that New York City will run out of funds by next Tuesday. The mayor said, "I give you my word, we will not be bankrupt on Tuesday, no matter what you heard. And you can quote me." When asked about the possibility of going bankrupt on Wednesday, the Mayor replied, "No comment."

RED GALS CRUSH US MEN IN OLYMPIC SWIM

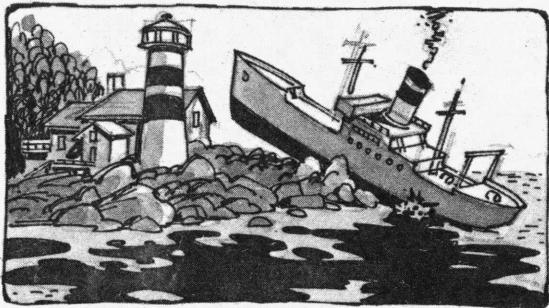


Victory Ceremony

MOSCOW—Russian and East German women swimmers scored a complete sweep in today's competition. For the first time in Olympic history, the American men failed to win a single swimming medal as the talented red ladies splashed their way to victory.

Mark Spitz, the American Coach, saw all his Olympic records broken. He told reporters, "They're just too big and strong for our guys! They're also too big and strong for the Russian guys!"

OIL SPILL RUINS ENTIRE SEABOARD



Liberian Tanker Aground

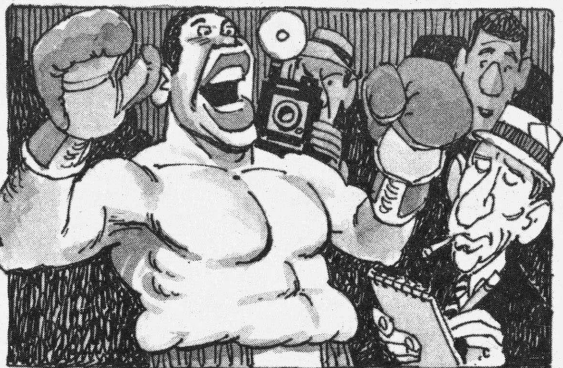
NEW JERSEY—The Liberian super-tanker, The Rusty Schlock, came apart today when it smashed into the rocks at Ambrose Lighthouse off Sandy Hook. The Coast Guard watched helplessly as billions of gallons of crude black oil poured into the ocean. The Coast Guard said that the gigantic spill will close every beach from Maine to Florida.

The Shill Oil Co., owner of the crippled tanker, advised the public not to be alarmed. Despite the loss of oil, they will not raise the price of heating fuel and gasoline.

Captain Squint, who was at the wheel, angrily said, "That's a hell of a place to put a lighthouse!"

ALI IN MOON SHOT?

MUHAMMED ALI TO ATTEMPT COMEBACK



"The Greatest" on comeback trail

CHICAGO—Former heavyweight champion, Muhammad Ali, announced today that he will try to regain the heavyweight championship one more time. The ex-champ said he doesn't need the money, he is fighting because the fans deserve to see the "greatest fighter of all time" in action once again.

Promoter Donald King says this will be the first billion dollar gate in history and he is planning to hold the bout in Ohio. When asked "where" in Ohio, King replied, "The whole state! Man, I'm talking tickets!"

FUTURE NOSTALGIA

A Nostalgic Look at the Movies of the '70's

THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT III



Singing in the rain . . . , I'm singing in the rain . . . Hi, I'm Gene Kelly! I'm going to be your guide as we take a look at some of the great movie musicals of the '70's . . .

Hold It!



There, **that's** more like it!
The movie music of the '70's
was the sound of gun shots and
the screams of agony! I should
know, my name is Charles Bronson!

Arrrrrrgggggh! Bleeding
in the rain ...
gasp I'm bleeding
in the rain ...

B'AM!
B'AM!



In the '70's movies were tough and bloody! We called them 'escapism films', because people went to the movies to escape the violence in the **streets!** This old studio brings back a lot of fond memories for me! I wasted hundreds of guys here, some of the bodies are still lying around . . .



One of my favorite war movies, "The **DIRTIEST DOZEN**", was shot right here! It began with a brutal hanging and ended with people being burned alive! And the cast was a dream . . . Borgnine was a psychotic general . . . Donald Sutherland a degenerate rapist . . . Jimmy Brown a blood thirsty killer . . . Telly Savalas a criminally insane murderer . . . Lee Marvin a sadistic officer . . . and I was the **good** guy, a **normal** murderer!



Another "good guy"
murderer was
Clint Eastwood ...



Bronson, of all your movies,
the one I enjoyed the most
was when you portrayed an
architect who decided to do
something about changing the
New York scene ...



You
mean
"DEATH
WASH!"

Yeah! You practically
constructed a whole
new city, body
by body . . .



BLAM BLAM-
BLAMITTY-BLAM
BLAM !!

Man, I'm splittin'!
I'm movin' to the
suburbs! Even a
mugger ain't safe
no more!



And my favorite Eastwood film
was "DIRTY HARRIED"!



You crummy punk . . .

Have you advised the
prisoner of his rights?

Okay, creep, you have the right to
remain silent! Anything you say can
and will be used against you! So
please say something like Magnum .44
so I can use it against your head!

Gasps, I heard
of brainwashing,
but I didn't
know this is
what it meant!





Yeah, I enjoyed playing that dedicated police officer! But I'll always be grateful to those spaghetti westerns which allowed me the artistic freedom to express myself as a killer, like "A FISTFUL OF GUTS."



This is how you talk to
a lady! Senora, what time
is the stage due?

You want Daylight Savings
or Eastern Standard Time,
senor?

BLAM BIAH



Another bloody biggie
that had them
screaming in the
aisles was "JAWZ."



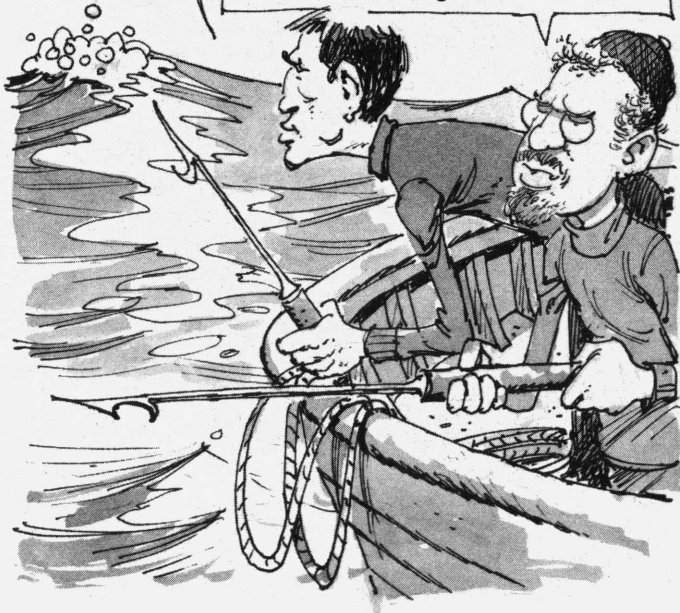
Yaaahhh.

I'm afraid he's a goner! Too bad,
he was
a splendid specimen!

Yeah, despite his faults, the
Captain was a good man . . .

URP!

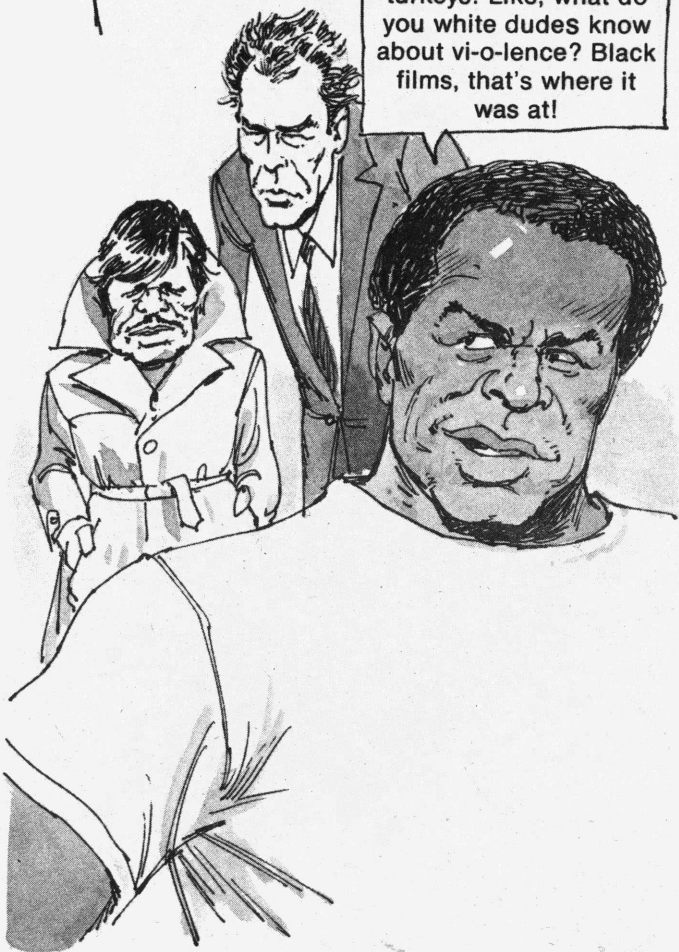
I'm not talking about the Captain,
you idiot! I mean the **shark**! The
Great White Shark is an **endangered
species**! Can you imagine what
swallowing that drunk is going to
do to his digestive tract?



Uggh! It's
Jimmy Brown!

Jimmy, you created
some interesting
characters in some of
the black exploitation
films of the '70's . . .

You better believe it,
turkeys! Like, what do
you white dudes know
about vi-o-lence? Black
films, that's where it
was at!





Like when I played "SLAUGHTERER" ...

Sorry, I must be in the wrong place, I was looking for the Police Station.

This is the police station.

What happened?

Somebody called him, 'boy'.



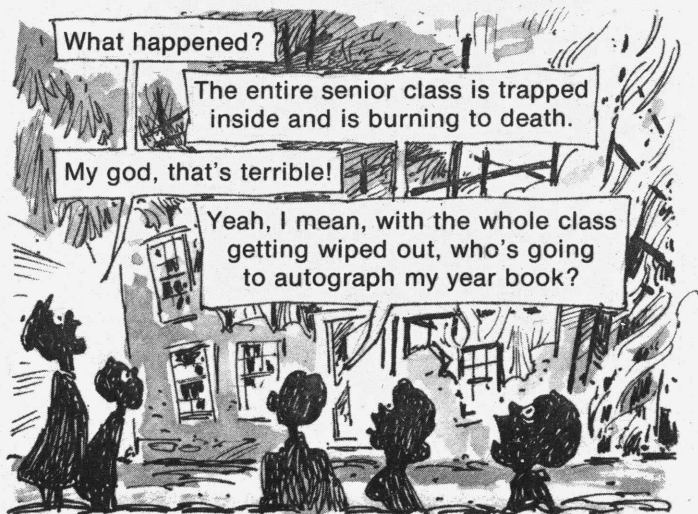


One white film that really
turned me on was that
teenage flick GORRIE



YAAAAHHHHHHH.

HELLLP.



What happened?

The entire senior class is trapped
inside and is burning to death.

My god, that's terrible!

Yeah, I mean, with the whole class
getting wiped out, who's going
to autograph my year book?



Remember this one? It set
all kinds of box office
records . . . THE GOD FODDER



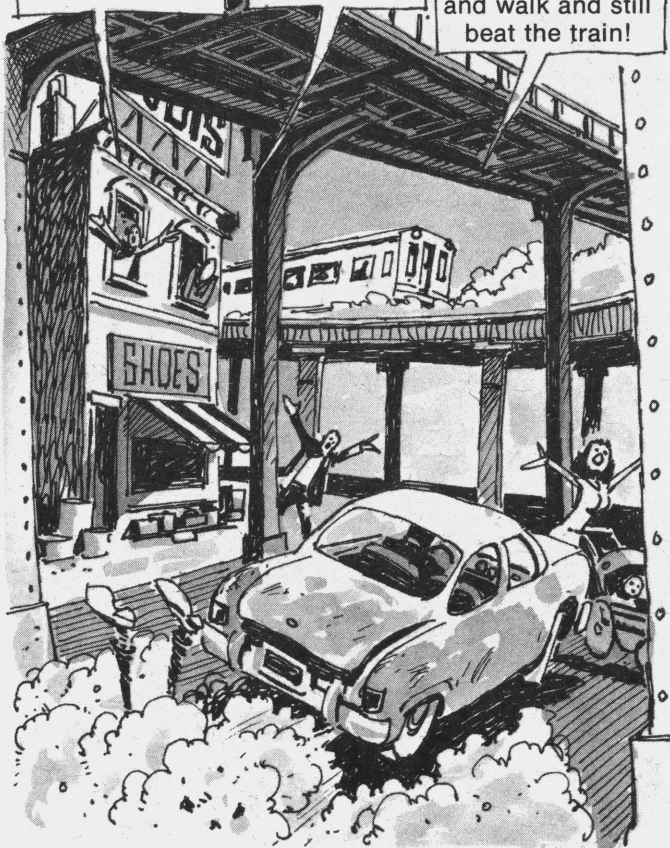


And who will ever forget the
Oscar winning car chase in **THE
FRENCH MISCONNECTION?**

Somebody call
the police! That
nut has hit a
dozen people
already!

That nut is
the police—
He's chasing
that
subway!

So what's his
big hurry? The
way the subways
run in this town,
he could get out
and walk and still
beat the train!





Another film about New York
that I dug was
TAXI DRIVEL ...

What
happened?

It's nothing, officer, I told these
guys I don't take my cab to Brooklyn!



Yeah, that was a great film. Another kind of movie we enjoyed were the disaster films like EARTHQUAKER . . .



Run for
your
life,
the
dam's
burst

Lady, you're
running
right
toward it,
you'll be
drowned!

I'll take
my chances
with the
water instead
of those nutty
National Guard
soldiers!





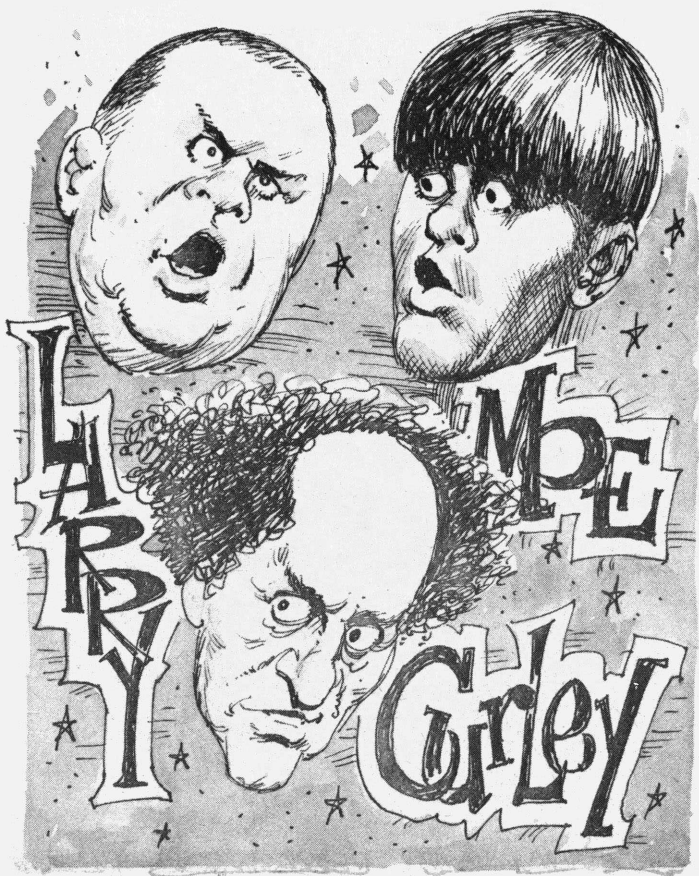
No revue of the films of the '70's would be complete without some mention of the KUNG FU movies! These were true art films!

All the unnecessary frills like plot and dialogue were eliminated, leaving nothing but pure violence . . .





All of these terrific movies owe
a debt of gratitude to those
fabulous pioneers of screen violence,
the immortal Three Stooges . . .



That's about it! We hope all you nostalgia buffs enjoyed this trip down Memory Lane as much as we did . . .

These films represented Americas' contribution to the culture of the '70's! A kick in the crotch or a 45 slug ripping into somebody's guts are as American as Mom, pizza and soul food!

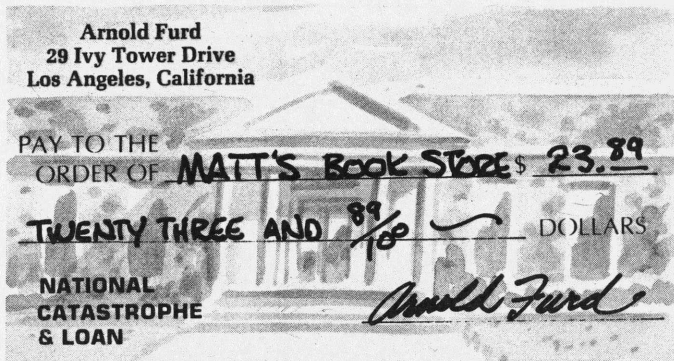
And you could take your kids to see our movies without being **embarrassed** by dirty, sexy stuff! We showed just good clean **shooting, stabbing and murdering!** Good, clean violence—for the **whole family!**



FUTURE PERSONALIZED CHECKS

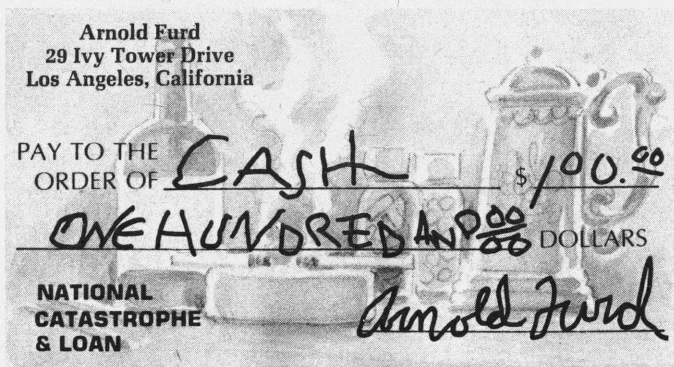
The trend toward "tell it like it is" realism will result in personalized checks that will reflect the true picture of the person himself . . .

WHAT THEY LOOK LIKE TODAY:



COLLEGE STUDENT

WHAT THEY WILL LOOK LIKE IN THE FUTURE:



WHAT THEY LOOK LIKE TODAY:

Hon. Matthew R. Beane
897 Justice Blvd.
Great Neck, New York

PAY TO THE
ORDER OF

J.D. ROBB CLEANERS \$ *75.00*

Seventy five and 00 DOLLARS

NATIONAL
CATASTROPHE
& LOAN

Matthew R. Beane

JUDGE

WHAT THEY WILL LOOK LIKE IN THE FUTURE:

Hon. Matthew R. Beane
897 Justice Blvd.
Great Neck, New York

PAY TO THE
ORDER OF

Cash \$ *2,000.00*

Two thousand and 00 DOLLARS

NATIONAL
CATASTROPHE
& LOAN

Matthew R. Beane

WHAT THEY LOOK LIKE TODAY:

Mack Macho
32 Special St.
Twin Falls, Minnesota

PAY TO THE
ORDER OF

Ammo-RAMA

\$ 211⁵³/₁₀₀

Two hundred & Eleven⁵³/₁₀₀

DOLLARS

NATIONAL
CATASTROPHE
& LOAN

Mack Macho

OUTDOORSMAN

WHAT THEY WILL LOOK LIKE IN THE FUTURE:

Mack Macho
32 Special St.
Twin Falls, Minnesota

PAY TO THE
ORDER OF

N.R.A.

\$ 25⁰⁰/₁₀₀

Twenty-five⁰⁰/₁₀₀

DOLLARS

NATIONAL
CATASTROPHE
& LOAN

Mack Macho

WHAT THEY LOOK LIKE TODAY:

Gen. Bruce Boondock
Headquarters
Fort Sumter, South Carolina

PAY TO THE
ORDER OF

God + Country Society \$ *15.00*

Fifteen

DOLLARS

NATIONAL
CATASTROPHE
& LOAN

Gen. Bruce Boondock

ARMY GENERAL

WHAT THEY WILL LOOK LIKE IN THE FUTURE:

Gen. Bruce Boondock
Headquarters
Fort Sumter, South Carolina

PAY TO THE
ORDER OF

God + Country Society \$ *15.00*

Fifteen

DOLLARS

NATIONAL
CATASTROPHE
& LOAN

Gen. Bruce Boondock

WHAT THEY LOOK LIKE TODAY:

Jacques Stroppe
13 Shmickle Way
Dallas, Texas

PAY TO THE
ORDER OF

Vitamin Village *13.45*

thirteen

45
XX

DOLLARS

NATIONAL
CATASTROPHE
& LOAN

Jacques Stroppe

FOOTBALL PLAYER

WHAT THEY WILL LOOK LIKE IN THE FUTURE:

Jacques Stroppe
13 Shmickle Way
Dallas, Texas

PAY TO THE
ORDER OF

CASH

\$ *200.00*

two hundred

00
XX

DOLLARS

NATIONAL
CATASTROPHE
& LOAN

Jacques Stroppe

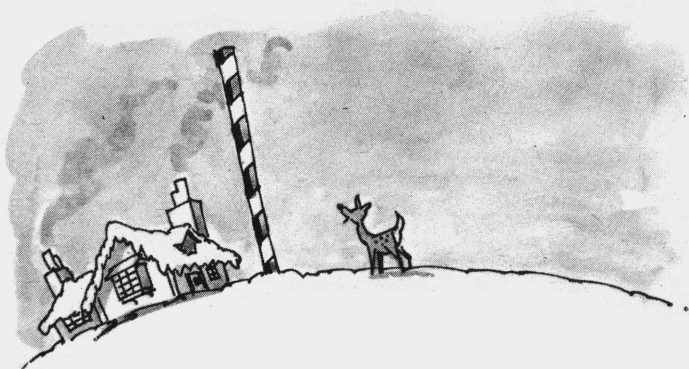
FUTURE XMAS SPECIALS

The characters will be the same, but they will be a lot more “real” than they are today— like, for instance . . .

RUDOLPH REDNOSE

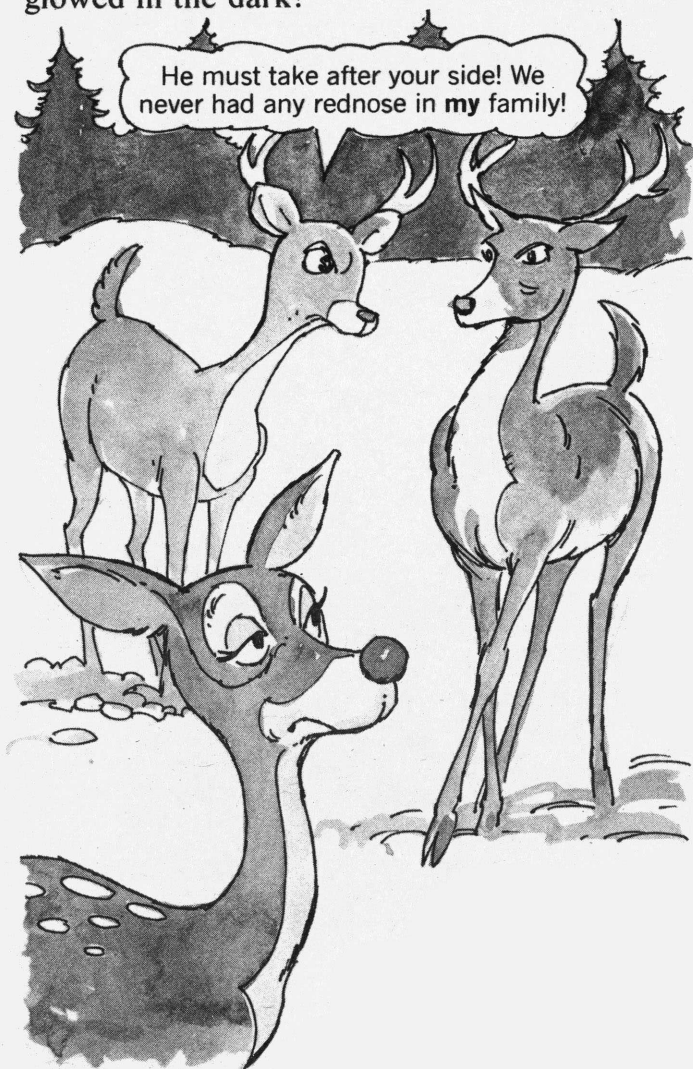
The Reindeer

Once upon a time there was a Reindeer named Rudolph. He lived in the North Pole at Santa’s Toyland. . .



Rudolph was a good Reindeer and he always obeyed his parents. But he was different from the other Reindeer—had a large red nose that glowed in the dark!

He must take after your side! We never had any rednose in **my** family!



Hey,
fellas,
can I
play?

Bug off!
We don't
play with
rednoses!

Rednose,
rednose,
... nyah
... nyah.

Hahah!



One day, Santa announced tryouts for his sled team. . .

Oh boy, this is my **big chance!** If I make the team the other reindeer won't make fun of me anymore!



Rudolph tried hard to make the team. He ran as fast as he could, won the windsprings, and he jumped higher than the other deer. . .



Sorry,
Rudolph,
hand in
your
playbook.

Can't I even be a
substitute or at
least on the
taxi squad?

I don't want
any rednoses
on my team!

Sob.



Then Xmas Eve arrived, it was a dark, stormy night and the fog as thick as chocolate syrup. . .

Control tower to Santa, ceiling
zero, all sleds **grounded!**



What can I do? It looks like I'll have to postpone delivering the presents.

You can't do that, San! Think of all those little boys and girls waiting for you to bring them toy guns, Evel Knievel motorcycles, Demolition Derby games and Cher navel dolls. You mustn't disappoint them.

You're right dear! I **have** to get their presents to them. After all, that's what Xmas is all about. But my sled is **grounded**!



Wait, I have an idea! Hohoho,
why didn't I think of it before?!



Rudolph, how would you like to be on my team? I need you to light the way and guide my sled tonight! Think of it, you'll be **NUMBER ONE!**

Forget it man, I don't work Xmas Eve!

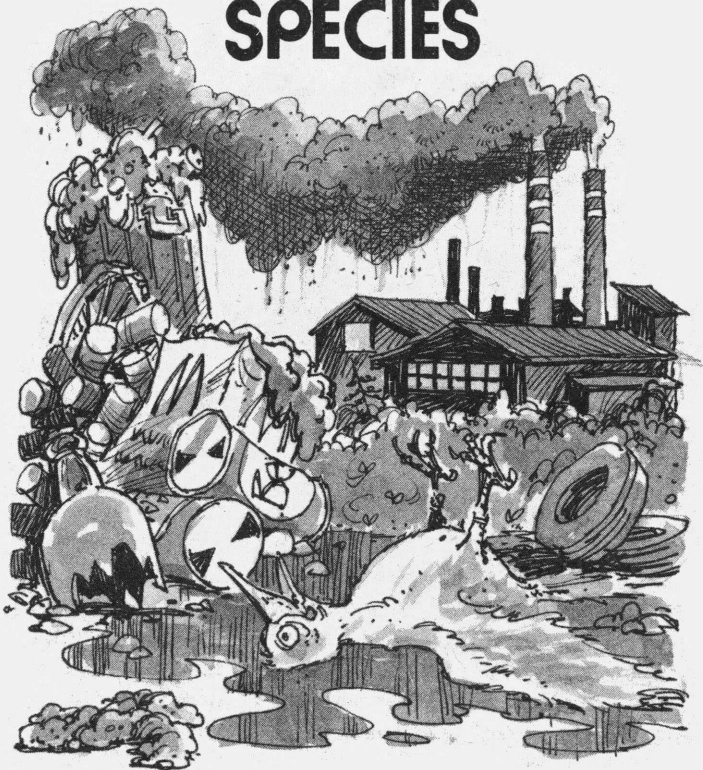




THE
END

Many of the familiar species of marine, animal and plant life are being threatened with extinction by the emergence of deadly man made creatures. These new specimens are all around us. Just look out your window and you'll be amazed at how many you see. In order to help you properly identify these creatures, here is . . .

MODERN WILDLIFE SPECIES



THE THROWAWAY BOTTLE NO DEPOSITUS



This rapidly growing species comes in various sizes and can be identified by the colorful marlings on its' plumage. Some of the more common specimens read Pepsi, Coke, 7UP, Schlitz, Ballantine. Throw away bottles are considered dangerous, especially when thrown from a moving car or when broken. They are usually seen in large numbers after a group of high school kids have a beer bust or a beach party.

THE FLAVORLESS CHEWING GUM GLOB *STICKUM DISGUSTUS*



Huge flocks of this small specimen may be encountered on any sidewalk in the USA, but their favorite roosting place is inside of theatres. They may be found on the underside of the chair arm, seat or on the floor. You'll know when you sit on or step on 'Flavorless Chewing Gum Glob' as you will be stuck to the seat or the floor. These are leech like creatures and once they attach themselves to your shoes or pants they stay forever.

THE GREAT BLACK OIL SLICK SLIMUS SPILLUM



This huge creature is becoming a familiar sight at many beaches and waterways. They are extremely harmful to all forms of life, marine, fowl and human. They usually appear when a cheaply made, rusty oil tanker splits apart or when an oil company that is drilling in the ocean has an accident. The Great Black Oil Slick grows rapidly and is often several miles in size. Since the oil companies are responsible for these creatures, what efforts are they making to combat it? They are spending millions of dollars hiring celebrities to do commercials telling us what a great job the oil companies are doing.

THE SPOTTED FAST FOOD CONTAINER *BIGUS MACKUS*



A relatively new species, the Spotted Fast Food Container, is multiplying at an alarming rate. They can be seen in school yards, parks, sidewalks, along the highways and are found both in the cities and in the rural areas. They are usually white in color and their plumage is spotted with grease stains, red ketchup smears and other yecchy stuff. Originally a native American, this creature has migrated and has been sighted in large numbers as far away as Japan. It is rumored to have been seen on the moon following the American landing.

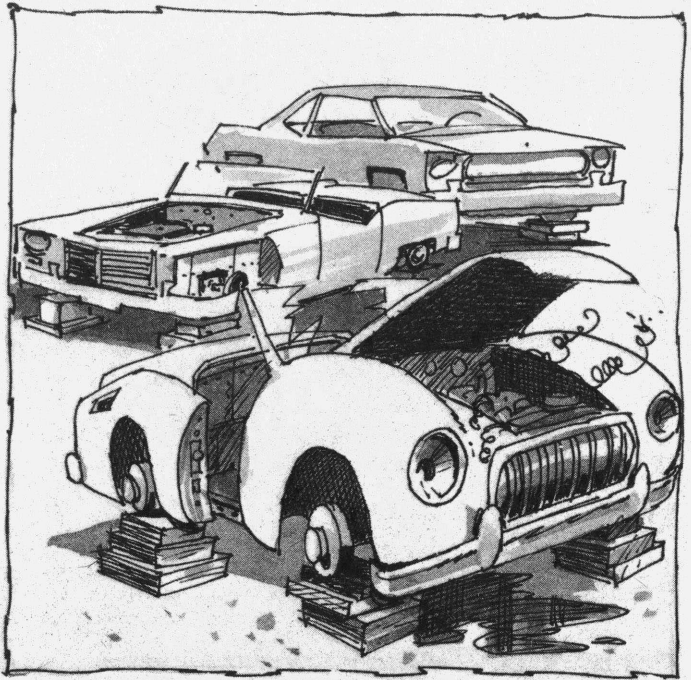
THE COMMON BEER CAN *ALUMINUS FLIPTOPUS*



The Common Beer Can and his close cousin, the Common Soda Can, congregate in large numbers in parking lots, under grandstands at high school athletic events and are also found on beaches and along the highway. They are easily recognizable at night by their reflective quality.

Though harmless in appearance, they can inflict damage to tires. They are usually cylindrical in shape but many species are bent and crushed as it is considered macho in some circles to squeeze these creatures out of shape after drinking their contents.

THE RUSTY ABANDONED CAR *HUNKUS JUNKUS*



The natural habitat of this unsightly beast is usually a side street in a major city. These large creatures have strange molting habits; as soon as they are nested down they start shedding. First their wheels, batteries and meters disappear, their windows become mysteriously smashed and their seats vanish. Soon there is nothing left but a big dented, rusting shell. Once a Rusty Abandoned Car settles in your neighbourhood, he will not move unless towed away.

THE LONG NECKED BELCHING SMOKESTACK *THICKUS SMOGUS*



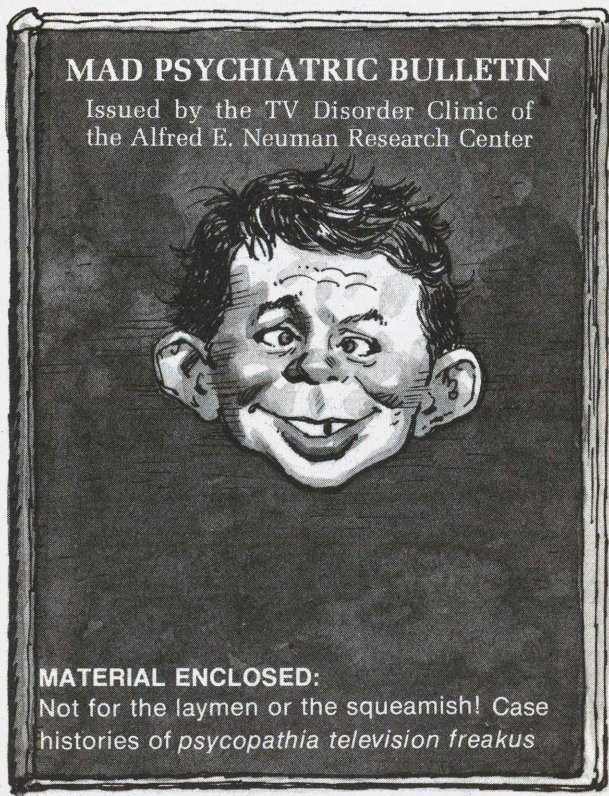
This large unsightly species can be found in any large city. It is easily recognized by the black smoke, soot and other gook it spits out into the air. These creatures are truly remarkable and can block out the sun with their smoke. They are a major health hazard to all forms of life and cause millions of dollars in pollution damage every year. The Longed Neck Belching Smokestack can be controlled by placing filter traps over their mouths to trap the pollutants. This process is felt to be too costly and would cut into corporation profits and this is considered Un-American. Polluting the air is the American Way.

THE DRIED OUT XMAS TREE TANNEBAUM THROWOUTUS



This strange creature appears every year at the same time, a week after Xmas. It has a shiny green coat and often has pieces of bright silver tinsel clinging to it. A few days after they settle down, their needles begin to fall out and their green coat turns to a dull brown color. They eventually disappear but you can be sure that next year after Xmas the Dried Out Xmas Tree will show up in front of your house. They are usually bearers of sad tidings because their appearance signals the end of vacation and the return to school.

Back in the early days of psychiatry, shrinks were asked to treat normal, every day disorders like schizophrenia, paranoia, and flashing! But as the world progressed and life became more complex, so did neuroses. To help keep shrinks abreast of the latest in psychological information, research institutes and medical centers issue *bulletins*! These bulletins assist them in recognizing and treating the newest and kinkiest mental disorders, most of them, they've discovered, the result of TV addiction . . .



CASE HISTORY #5: *Toilet Paper Addict*

CAROL C.—*Housewife, married*

Mrs. C engaged in average, typical housewife activities; talking on the phone, watching soap operas, shopping and talking on the phone about soap operas and shopping. While at the supermarket one day, Mrs. C. was seized with an uncontrollable urge to squeeze a package of toilet paper. After this first encounter, Mrs. C. was “hooked,” ignoring her TV set, telephone, children, and her husband Stanley, although Stanley hadn’t noticed any difference in his wife’s behavior, having been ignored for years. Crisis stage was reached when Mrs. C. was banned from the supermarket by the effeminate department manager who had received numerous complaints from customers who refused to purchase already-squeezed packages. Her supply source thus dried up, Mrs. C. hid her cabinet supply from other members of the household, forcing them great inconvenience and discomfort. Finally, at the urging of her minister, Mrs. C. agreed to seek psychiatric help. *Her analyst reports:* “Mrs. C. is coming along. However, Stanley C., her husband, appears to be beyond help, having suffered the ultimate rejection by his wife’s actions. His last words before entering a catatonic state was ‘Another man I could understand, but a roll of toilet paper?’ ”



CASE HISTORY #19 *Collar Voyeur*

HULGA R.—*Train conductor, divorced*

Ms. R. was the first female conductor appointed to the Atchison, Topeka and Johnny Mercer Railroad, showing no early signs of psychological disorder by this radical change from her former housewife role. The first reported incident took place on the 7:42 Commuter Special. Punching a passenger's monthly ticket, Ms. R. looked at the man's collar and began shouting, "Ring around the collar!" Several passengers who had been engrossed in their magazines, got off the speeding train, believing she was calling their stop. Legal suits are still pending. The condition grew progressively worse, Ms. R. screaming "Ring around the collar!" to more than half the passengers riding her train cars. This, together with the fact that her concentration on shirt collars often resulted in her punching holes in neckties and lapels instead of tickets, caused Ms. R. to be fired. A nationwide strike was threatened by the union if Ms. R.'s firing was enforced, however, so Hulga reluctantly returned to her job. Union medical benefits included psychological treatment, and Ms. R. took advantage of this. *Her analyst reports:* "Ms. R. will only respond to treatment if I am dressed in white from head to toe and call myself "the man from Glad." Her color fixation is the direct result of her appointment to the railroad service. The trauma was not that she was the first woman appointed, but the first white person to gain employment in this capacity!"



CASE HISTORY #23: *Blindfold Beer-Drinking Syndrome*

MURRAY T.—*Artist, married*

Murray T. has been a successful illustrator for 18 years. After a hard day at the drawing board, he would often join other free lance friends at a local tavern and partake of a bottle of beer or two and stimulating conversation. One particular day he engaged in a friendly wager with a friend, putting on a blindfold and comparing two different brands of beer. Murray T. soon found he couldn't enjoy beer *without* a blindfold, even in the privacy of his own home. This caused a sudden drop in his income, as he could neither stop the blindfold beer drinking nor carry out his drawing assignments with his eyes covered, (although some of his peers believed he was doing better work in this fashion). His wife threatened to leave him unless he sought psychiatric help. *His analyst reports:* I am the second analyst that has seen Mr. T. in relation to his problem. The first, Dr. Porges P., in a daring, unprecedented experiment sought to prove to Mr. T. that a blindfold didn't affect the taste of beer. The experiment did not prove constructive, as Dr. P. soon became a blindfold beer addict himself. They can be seen any evening blindfolded, drinking beer together and laughingly declaring they would "shrink every head off every glass of beer in town!" Mr. T. may eventually come out of his present state. Less hope is given Dr. P., whose CASE HISTORY #87 is currently being prepared."



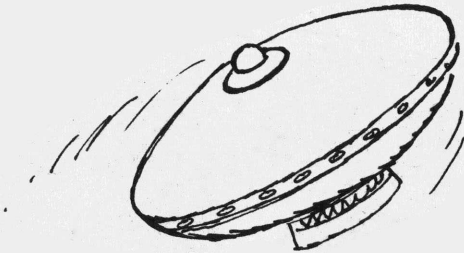
CASE HISTORY #34: *Paper Towel Deviate*

SUSAN H.—*Airline stewardess, unmarried*

As is demanded from most stewardesses, Ms. H.'s is expected to look sexy and clean up spilled drinks (resulting from her looking sexy), dropped food, and leaky barf bags (many wives get upset over sexy stewardesses). Ms. H. used paper towels to perform her clean-up duties, finding after prolonged use, that paper towels became a turn-on. In order to use them more often, Ms. H. began spilling things "accidentally," and found she could also experience a high by stuffing paper towels in water and watching them absorb, or balancing full cups of coffee on wet paper towels. She performed some of these activities instead of her other in-flight duties while hiding in the john. This strategy failed to go unnoticed, as 747 tourist class john facilities are inadequate to begin with, and Ms. H. was canned for too much time in the can. Ms. H. is currently being treated at the Cuckoo Nest, a rest home she frequently flew over while a stewardess. *Her analyst reports:* "The patient is improving steadily, responding to our "slow down" withdrawal procedures which enable her to forsake paper towel sopping for toilet paper squeezing (see CASE HISTORY #5)"



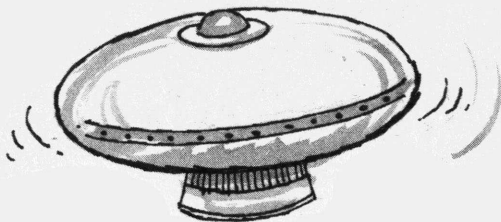
A FUTURE UFO LANDING



What will emerge?

Where did it come from?

**IT CAME FROM THE
PLANET
ZUCCHINI!**



Look, Charlie,
a flying
saucer!!!

Don't be ridiculous, that
must be part of the half-
time show, a tribute to
Vince Lombardi!



Will somebody get that
thing the hell out of
there? It's blocking
the overhead
blimp shot!

What do
you
think
it is,
Howard?

I don't know, but
it reminds me of
Alex when he
played for the
Lions!

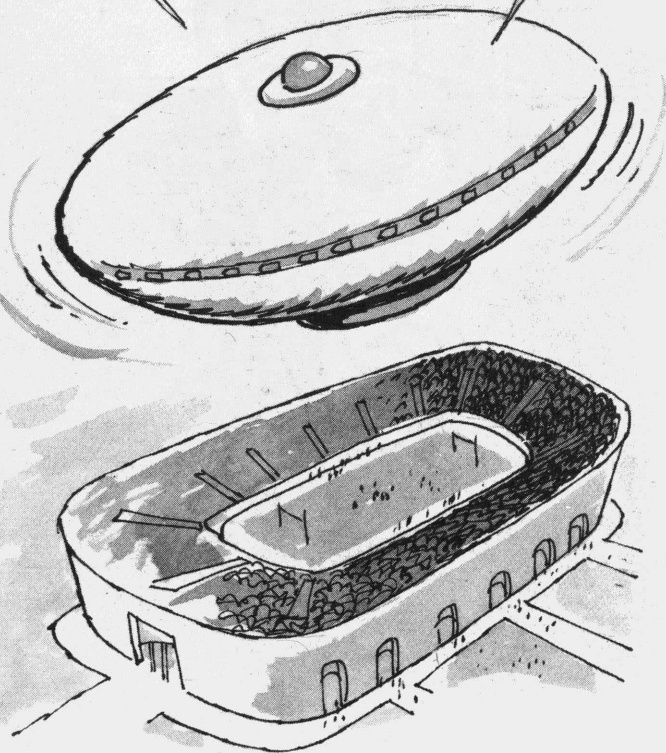


This is UFO Planet Zucchini, do you read me? I have arrived at my destination, planet Earth!

Is the planet inhabited?

Is it ever! It's crawling with horrible creatures with sickening smooth skin and they seem to have only one set of eyes!

Amazing! I wonder how they can see what's happening behind them! Do they seem peaceful?



Negative! I'm flying over a huge arena where a group of earthlings are attacking and beating up on each other while thousands of others are cheering them on ...

Be careful, the future of Zucchini depends on the success of your mission!



Look at that #%&¶##%% interference! Right in the middle of the Pass, Punt and Kick finals for 4 year olds!

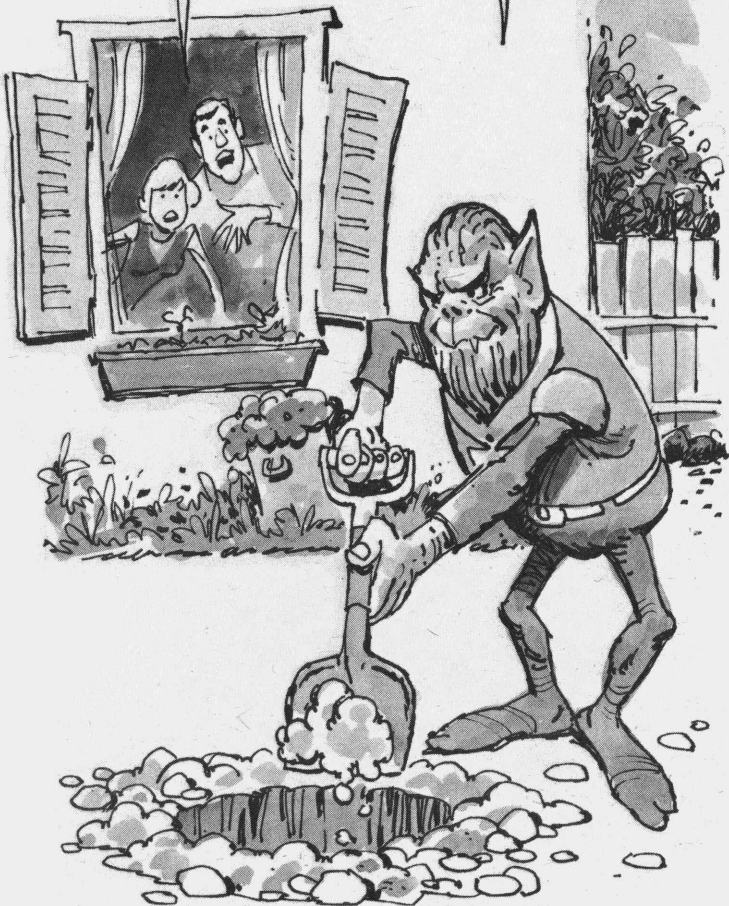
Instead of sitting there staring at that stupid TV, why don't you go out and clean up the yard. It's disgusting . . . YAAAAAAHHHHH!!



Cheez, Edith, I know
it's a mess but you
don't have to scream
like ...

YAAAAHHHHHHH!!

Yahhhhh! These
earthlings are
even more re-
pulsive up close!



And those
liberals
want me to
give up
my gun!

You missed him, stupid!
Call the cops before
that monster attacks
me!

Relax, Edith,
nobody—not
even a monster
is gonna
attack you!



UFO ... flying
saucer ...
flying spittoon
... flying toilet
seat ... flying
brioche ... UFO
... UFO ...

What's
going
on
here?

We're
up to
our
necks
in
UFO
sightings

Lt., there's
a guy out
here who
claims there's
a monster
in his
backyard!



I'm Lt. Koomish! I'd like to ask you folks a few questions! Was there anything unusual about the perpetrator?

Well—he was bigger than a linebacker, taller than a basketball player, and he had Four-eyes!

Would you two mind coming down and looking through our mug file?



No, I'm
afraid
it's none
of these
characters ...

You say the
intruder
was
digging in
your yard?

That's right! If
dummy here had
put away the shovel,
none of this would
have happened!



Maybe the perpetrator was hiding
some ill-gotten gain . . .

Yeah, or maybe he was buryin' the
loot from a job he pulled!

Either way, let's return to the alleged scene of
the alleged crime, and see what we can dig up!



There's
nothing
here,
Lt.,
except
these . . .

Hmm,
they
look
like
oversized
**prune
pits!**

That's it!
The creature
looked
like a
gigantic
prune!

This might be serious!
I'm going to advise
the Mayor of what
has transpired! Mean-
while, you men look
around and see what
you can come up with!



Suppose we find the . . . whatever it is?

Arrest him!

On what charge?

I don't know—impersonating a dried fruit! I don't want anything in this yard touched, it's all evidence.

You don't have to worry about **that**, Lt.! This lazy slob hasn't touched anything in this yard in three years!



Mr. Mayor, I'm convinced that we have been invaded by perpetrators from **outer space**! Listen to this evidence— hundreds of reports of UFO sightings, an eyewitness description of a prune-like creature, and these king sized prune pits!

If you're wrong, Koomish, I'll have you back pounding a beat! But if you're right, this can be my ticket to **Washington**! Mary Rose, connect me with the State House! Hello, I'm Mayor Fugle of Walden Pond—this is an **emergency**! It's a matter of national security! I must speak to the Governor!



Hello, Mr. Governor. Sir, I have reason to believe that these here United States have been invaded by beings from outer space! Yes, sir, Mary Rose is fine! I'll send her your regards! About the creatures, the witnesses say they look like a prune! That's right, prunes! No, I'm not on the sauce. No, this isn't your brother-in-law and this isn't a joke! Yes sir, I know it's an election year! No, I don't think it's a Democrat dirty trick! I think we've been **invaded!**



Bad news, sir?

Yes and no, some good, some bad! First the **bad**—we may have been invaded by creatures from another world!!

That's awful, what's the **good** news?

This should take the people's mind off the **energy crisis** and **high prices**! Now, get my top scientific and military advisors and put the armed forces on Red Alert



These
earthlings
are a strange
lot. Imagine
sitting
around,
staring at a
piece of
furniture.

Look ...
Look ...
it's ...
it's ...

Don't
move,
fella,
you're
under
arrest!

Amazing,
They speak
Zucchinese!
I think I'll let
myself be
captured! Maybe,
I can learn more
about this odd
civilization!

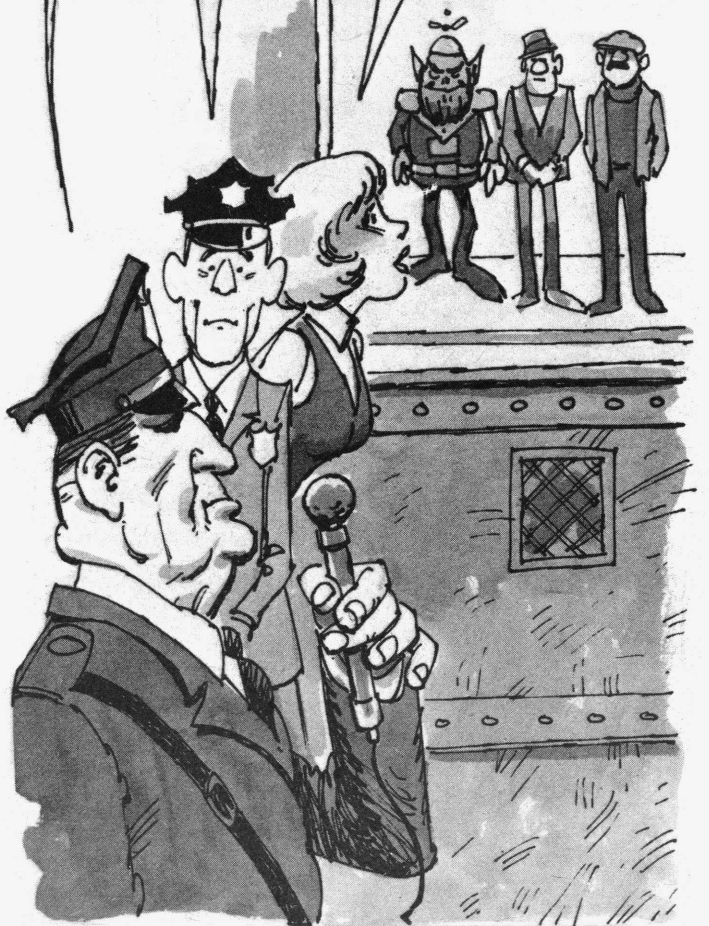


Now, do you see the man or beast, fruit or vegetable
that was digging in your yard?

Lt., watch that
fruit talk or
we'll have the
Gay Lib on
our backs

I'm not sure,
could that
guy on the
left take off
his hat?

Number
three,
remove
your
hat!



It all happened so fast, I just can't be **positive**! All of them look the same to me . . .

How can we law enforcement officials do our job when you civilians refuse to cooperate? Okay, step down! Book that **thing** on a vagrancy charge until we hear from Washington and we'd better hear **soon** before the Civil Liberties Union springs him!



I have been advised that the Prune creature has been captured!

Mr. President, as your scientific advisor, I must **protest!** This creature is obviously a **superior being** from an advanced civilization! We should learn what we can and **then** kill him!

This whole thing sounds like a Commie plot to me! I think we should **waste** this creature immediately! Or **defoliate** him, at least!



By God,
what
could we
possibly
learn
from a
Prune?

He'll be interrogated
thoroughly! Meanwhile
I want a tight security
lid kept on this until
we're sure of what
we're dealing with!

Mr.
President,
look
at
the
CBS
news . . .



Unimpeachable sources at the White House revealed that the U.S. has been invaded by creatures from outer space!

We're going to have to do something about plugging these leaks!

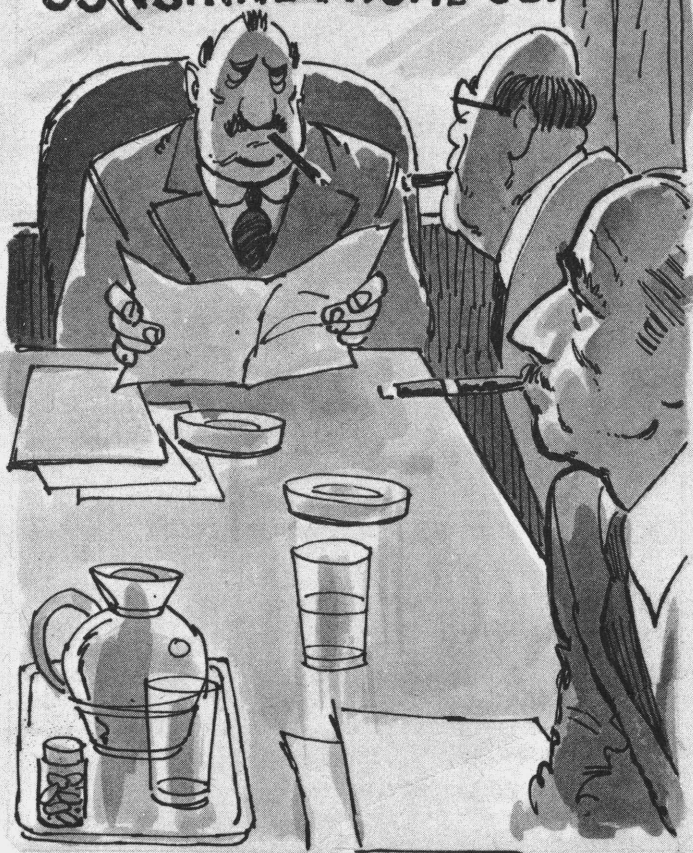
I say we should defoliate the press!



I assume all of you **saw** this! Think of what this will do to our **corporate image** if the public starts associating **prunes** with horrible monsters from outer space!

It might be an improvement over what they associate prunes with now!

ONCE A DAY
SUNSHINE PRUNE CO.



Hello, I'm Dr. Zelda Mulch and this is Gen. Boondock!
If we may, we'd like to ask you some questions . . .

Be my guest! My name is Prunus! My rank is
Ltd.! And my serial number is All-Bran 155!

Okay, Mac, where are you
from, Moscow or Peking?



I'm from the
Planet
Zucchini.

There is no
such planet.

It's in a
different
solar system.



General, do you realize what this means to the scientific community? A whole new set of zodiac signs for our horoscopes, for one thing . . .

Oh, do you have horoscopes, too? I was born under the sign of Brussel the Sprout!

I'm Virgo the Virgin! Am I compatible with a Brussel?



Let's cut
that crap!
Why did
you invade
the good
old
U.S. of A.?

My
mission
was to
propagate
our
species!

Not with
any
American
girls, you
don't, you
Commie
sex fiend!

Speak
for
**your-
self,**
General!



You don't understand, we reproduce by planting seeds in the **soil**! Unfortunately, on Zucchini you can't excavate more than six inches down without striking **oil**!

OIL? Oil?

That's correct! Our planet is inundated with oil, useless, yecchy oil!



Why don't you use it for energy?

We found oil to be ineffecient and dirty!
We obtain all our energy needs from our
sun! We re trying to find a way to **dispose**
of our oil!

Man, wait until Washington hears **this!**



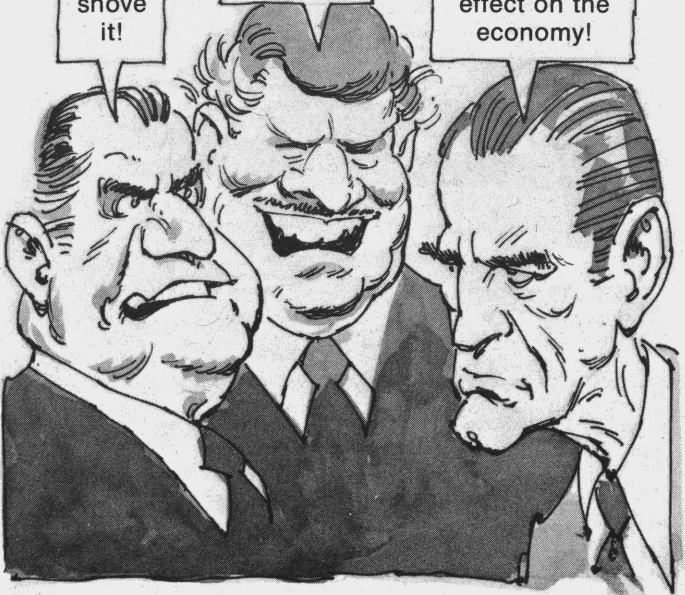


Gentlemen, do you realize what this means? A cheap, untapped source of oil! Think of all the jobs we'll create by building a pipeline in the sky!

Now we can tell those Ay-rabs to shove it!

No more shortages!
No more high prices!

NO MORE HIGH PRICES?
That would mean **smaller profits** and could have a devastating effect on the economy!



And just suppose this creature reveals the secret of harnessing the sun's energy? It would destroy our God-given American way of life!



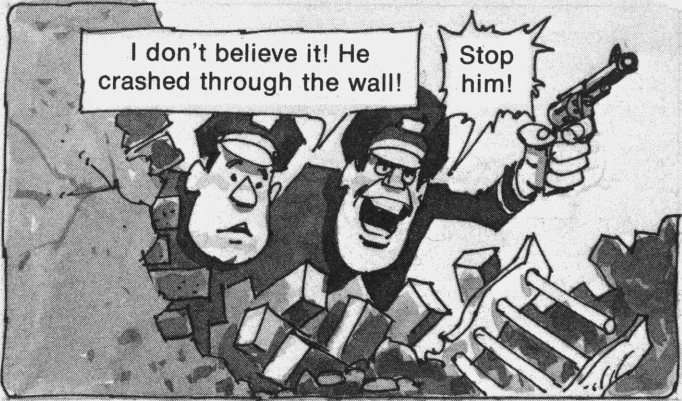
Prunus, I'm afraid I have bad news! My government thinks that you're too **dangerous** to live!

Then I guess it's time for me to return home . . .

But how? This place is too well guarded!

We Zucchini-ese are not without our resources! Watch . . .



A black and white comic panel showing a man in a dark suit and cap crashing through a brick wall. He has a determined, shouting expression. Debris is flying around him. To his left, another man in a similar uniform looks on with a shocked expression.

I don't believe it! He
crashed through the wall!

Stop
him!

The bullets seem to bounce off as if there's an
invisible shield around you!

There is! We call it Guardall! Dr., may I
call you Zelda? I'm going to miss you!
You're the only human I met that is
almost **plantlike**!

Prunus, take me with you!



Zelda, I'd like to, believe me! But I have a job to do!
I've got to find a fertile planet to plant my seeds!
Besides, there isn't enough room on the space ship!
But I'll always remember you as a **friend** . . .

A friend? Man or Prune, you're all alike!

I'm sorry . . . you were really a **peach** . . .

I guess, coming from you that's an improvement! Thanks . . .



Save your ammunition, General! Prunus is gone!

We'll be ready for him the **next** time! We're going to spend a **billion dollars** developing an anti-Prune missile!

Come on, General, I'll buy you a cup of coffee . . .

You're on, Lt. Koomsh! I'm hungry—I think I'll have a danish, too! A **PRUNE** danish! Hahaha! How about you, Doctor . . .







THE END ?

FUTURE SHLOCK!

The past we know about—it stunk!
The present is no bargain either!
But wait 'til we get to the future!
Like, for instance . . .

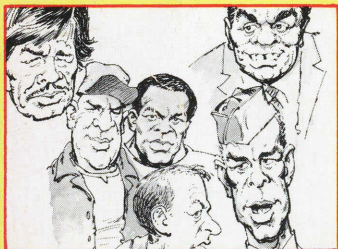
Future "Comedy/Horror"
Movies



Future Improvements



Future Nostalgia



Future UFO Landings



Future Books



Future Talk Shows

